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OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARADISE.

GLENROSSIE was Paradise. For many and many a day after Gertrude had crossed the threshold of that stately castle, she firmly believed that no other home so perfect had ever opened upon bridal eyes. The extraordinary beauty of that wild scenery; blue lake, brown mountain, and wild foaming stream ending in abrupt waterfalls; the stately growth of the incense-breathing old pine trees; the ceaseless change of prospect from different mountain paths; the glad welcome of the old tenantry to "the lady" of their long absent master; the delicious power of helping; of visiting the poor, and blind, and sick, and bedridden, and being able to alter their degrees of suffering, and act as an inferior Providence in favour of those obscure and uncared-for destinies; with the sunshine of love and approval over all she said, did, or planned, from the enamoured Sir Douglas;—left nothing to desire of happiness in Gertrude's heart.

And then, very slowly, very quietly, very unexpectedly, and yet very clearly, she awoke to the perception that in her Paradise there was a snake. Not a great magnificent satanic snake. Not a serpent with a cherub's head, as in the old

pictures; coiling round the smooth stemmed trees, glittering and rippling with a river-like movement in its gliding body and varnished skin. Not a python of strange majesty and power, disputing the sense of Heaven's clear revelations, undermining the authority of its ordinances, by words of seeming wisdom,—voluble and sweet as those dim oracles which the priesthood of Apollo sent through metal tubes to make the heathen altars seem divine. Not a creature that awed and yet fascinated, whose presence was a mystery, and its counsel almost a scornful command; but a little sliding, slithering, mean, small, snake: a "snake in the grass;" a snake whose tiny bite the heel might almost carelessly spurn when it seemed to pursue, and whose power to wound might be doubted and smiled over till the miracle of death by its venom were irrevocably proved. A snake that looked like a harmless eft. Nothing but the instinctive repulsion which exists in certain natures to reptiles, even when unseen, their presence being discoverable to the inner soul of feeling, though not to the outward sense, could have inspired Gertrude with the aversion she gradually felt for Sir Douglas's half-sister, Alice Ross.

Alice had not offended the bride; on the contrary she flattered her; she obviously endeavoured to please, to wind round her, to become necessary to her.

She went beyond the mere yielding up gracefully the small delegated authority which for many years she had seemed to exercise, from being "the only one of the family resident at the Castle." She was not satisfied with dropping to the condition of friend and equal; she rather assumed that of poor relation and humble companion. She chose toleration, and repudiated welcome. As to the near connexion between herself and Sir Douglas, she always alluded to it in a humble, half-mournful, apologetic manner, as if it were a fault, but not *her* fault; and yet a fault for which she was willing to make amends to the extent of her feeble powers. She behaved towards him as towards one who was to be admired, revered, wondered at;—but to *love* him would be taking too great a liberty. Still, in her own subservient way she contrived to impress him with a notion of humble worship: and she lost no opportunity of increasing that impression even while she deprecated all evidences of its ruling spirit in her mind.

The very first evening they were all seated at the oaken table, where books, and flowers, and carpet-work lay in crowded companionship, she softly gathered together, with a little trembling sigh, a sort of select harvest from among the books, saying, with the slow Highland drawl peculiar to some Scotch voices, "I should have moved these before; for I count them as my very own; but they have lain here so long! Of course I know nothing of military matters, even now; but I have made quite a collection of books, about armour, and about forces in different countries, and fortifications of various kinds—and histories of battles! I have a pedlar's pack of them: Gustavus of Sweden, with no end of plates; and I have even got,—you will laugh,—I have even got a great big volume called the 'Tactics of Elian;' showing all the modes of disposing armies in the Greek and Roman days."

"The Tactics of Elian! What upon earth were they?" said Gertrude, laughing.

"Well, I cannot explain it better than I have done in my simple way. The book shows how they led armies into the field, and how they placed their troops. I have been so accustomed to think of a soldier's life in all ways" (and here she looked deprecatingly towards Sir Douglas), "that no book about it seemed dull to me, and I found very curious things. Such cruel things! Think of instructions how to take a fort in two several ways; one way if you are obliged to consider the lives of your men (how many of them are killed, in fact); and another way if you 'can afford to expend men;' yes, that is the exact expression; I remember it; it shocked me to think of the calculation. A cruel life, but a brave life," and again she looked at her half-brother, who was smiling with an amused expression, as she slowly delivered her little oration.

"And have you studied these military grammars, so that you could undertake these tasks?"

"Yes, I think I could take a fort," she answered, in a grave deliberate unconscious manner.

"And a bridge?"

"Yes—a bridge. And I could construct a pontoon,—and move troops across the marshes." (Which she pronounced *mairshes*.)

"What a pity you were not born a generation earlier, Alice, and that your abilities were not employed in the disastrous retreat from Walcheren!"

"Well, I just forbode that you would laugh at me," she said, with the same placid drawl; "and so I do not mind, and I'll carry away my books, and put them in the shelves of the Tower room. I've never changed my room, you know: perhaps I should change it now? If Lady Ross thinks—when she goes over the castle"—and here she made one of her faces of humble deprecating inquiry, and paused.

"Oh! dear no," said Gertrude, eagerly: and "Oh! no, no," broke in Sir Douglas with equal warmth. "You've lived there all your life; I should be sorry indeed, if now,—"

"And I should be sorry," said Ger-

trade, with a kindly smile, "that my coming should have such a disagreeable result. I hope, unless the day should come when you would leave us and the Tower room, for some *very* pleasant reason, that it will be home, as it has always been."

A glance, sharper than at all agreed with the drawling quiet voice, shot from Alice's grey eyes; a glance of doubtful inquiry; and then she demurely replied:—

"It is not very probable, after so many years, that I should have the reason for leaving which you think so pleasant, Lady Ross."

The bride was young and quick of feeling, and she looked down and blushed very red; for she did not know how to get over her little difficulty. She knew that when she spoke, with her sweet cordial smile, of some "very pleasant reason" for leaving, she meant, if Alice went away to be married, and she comprehended that her new sister-in-law had doubted whether she meant this speech in all sincerity; since Alice was certainly what, in common parlance, is called even when the party still retains claims to personal attraction, "an old maid."

Alice *did* retain claims to personal attraction: her well-shaped head,—though its banded hair was of that disagreeable dry drab colour, which had not yet the advantage of our modern fashion of being dyed of a golden red,—surmounted a long slender white throat; and a figure which, if somewhat too spare for artistic notions of beauty, was, as her maid expressed it, "jimp and genteel." She moved (as she spoke) with slow precision; and not without some degree of grace. The only positively disagreeable thing about her, was a certain watchfulness, which disturbed and fascinated you. Do what you would, Alice's eyes were on you. You felt them fixed on your shoulder; your forehead; the back of your head; your hands; your feet; the sheet of paper on which you were writing a letter; the title and outside cover of the book you were reading; the harmless list you were making out of your day's shopping; the anxious

calculation of your year's income; and the little vague sketch you scribbled while your mind was occupied about other things. I have spoken of her as the snake in this Paradise; but there was something essentially *feline* also in her whole manner; and indeed the cat is, among animals, what the snake is among a lower order of creatures. The noiseless, cautious, circuitous mode in which she made her way across a room was cat-like; the dazed quiet of her eyes on common occasions, had the expression of a cat sitting in the sun; and the startling illumination of watchful attention in them at other times, recalled to our fancy the same creature catching sight of its prey. Even the low purring, and rubbing of pussy's soft fur against your side, seemed to find its analogy, in her slow soft words of flattery; and the gentle approach which neither required nor even accepted any returning caress, resembled the gliding to and fro, on some familiar hearth, of that unloving little domestic animal, whose cry is alien and weird to our ears, and its shape like a diminished tiger.

Above all, in her gravity and changelessness, she was cat-like.

The dog (our other household inmate) has his variety of moods like his master. He is joyous, eager, sulky, angry, restless, conscious of our love or displeasure; capable of correction, able to learn; has his own preferences too; welcoming some of the habitual visitors to his master's house, growling at others, he only knows why. He loves the children of the house; he submits to have baby's awkward helpless fat fingers thrust in his eye, without resentment. He romps with the boys, and with his own species, affecting the fiercest onslaughts, and mumbling with a mouth like velvet, when the mimic war leaves him victor in the play! He is a creature made up of variety. But a cat is *always* the same. Equally on her guard with friend and foe—stealthily, indifferent, unsympathizing—as willing to gnaw the babe in its cradle as the rat in the barn; and gliding away to attend to her own private in-

terests, let what will be the event of the hour in the household circle of which she forms part. She is a daily mystery, and a nightly annoyance. In the midst of our tame city-life she is *fera natura*. We advertise our dogs as "Lost, or stolen," but we say of our cat that she is "gone away."

Even in going away she consults her own convenience; she does not stay, like the dog, because she is ours, and because we are there, but only so long as she is comfortable.

Alice Ross was "comfortable" at Glenrossie, and she wished to stay. She saw with curiosity and attention the conscious blush of the young wife, when she had alluded to the chance of her leaving the castle for a "pleasant reason." She herself was not the least embarrassed; she was merely watchful. She was guessing at her new relative's disposition. She finished reaping her little harvest of books, and said her maid would fetch them.

"And when they are sorted, Lady Ross, and all on the shelves, you'll may be look in to my lonely den, in the Tower room, and have a gay good laugh at the fittings there; for the walls will match the books for soldiering. There are prints of most of the notable heroes of modern wars, and there's one, the best of all, that I spent a golden piece or two getting framed, and I'll leave you to guess who *that* will be."

And the upward glance and grave smile were again directed to her tall half-brother, who had risen from his seat and was turning over the leaves of one of the "military grammars" with some interest. He was rather touched too at the mention of the "lonely den," and he gave a little friendly tap to the pale cheek of his half-sister, saying gaily, "Well, this hero will come and see your other heroes to-morrow, and so will Gertrude."

The little tap on the cheek was more or less pleasant to Alice; but it woke no dimpling smile, or tender answering look.

"I would like very much to show them all to Lady Ross," she said, quietly.

For one wavering moment Gertrude seemed about to speak. She too was touched at the solitary picture of life in the "lonely den;" she thought of saying something kind to her new sister-in-law.

"Call me Gertrude; do not call me Lady Ross," was the sentence that rose to her young lips. But there was a brief space of chill silence, no one could say why; and the words remained unspoken.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALICE ROSS.

ALICE was the first to break that silence. "And how did you leave Kenneth?" she said; "and when will he be coming to Torrieburn? His feckless mother's been in great distress about him, by what I hear."

"Kenneth's better," shortly answered Sir Douglas, as he bent again over a book of military plans: and his handsome brow visibly clouded over.

The illuminated pussy-cat eyes had diamonds in them for a second or two, as Alice listened, and looked first at Sir Douglas and then at Gertrude, who had followed up her husband's assurance with the words,—

"Oh! yes, better; so much better; quite well; only not strong yet."

The words were nothing; only the manner, the hurried embarrassed manner, and the blush, another blush, deeper than the one which had betrayed her consciousness that Alice doubted over "the pleasant reason" speech.

What had happened?

Had Kenneth done something extremely wrong and disgraceful? something the whole family were to be ashamed of, and shamed by, as soon as it was known?

Alice thought that quite possible. She knew a great deal of hard gossip about her young nephew, though she had steadily refused to have anything to do with his mother, or to visit her or admit her to the "lonely den."

That tabooed female might call her-

self "Mrs. Ross Heaton of Torrieburn," or by any other name she pleased, now she was again married "more decently," but to Miss Alice Ross she remained, and was destined to remain for ever "Maggie of the Mill."

Certainly her son Kenneth was very likely to have done something disgraceful.

Or had he merely done something so outrageously extravagant that his uncle had quarrelled with him? Involved himself past retrieval? ruined himself, in fact, at the very outset of his career?

Alice resolved to go the very next day and make a visit far over the hills, and "ayont the Falls," to that Dowager Countess of Clochnaben, who in the opening pages of this history was already a Dowager Countess, though a young widow, and mother to the sickly Earl of Clochnaben and to Lorimer Boyd.

The sickly Earl was still sickly, and still alive; and to say truth Alice Ross had wasted many a year in endeavouring so to compass her ends, that she might become head-nurse in that establishment by marrying the invalid. But the Dowager-widow was too wary for such a plan to succeed; and, without absolutely "cutting" Miss Ross at any period of their long acquaintance, she so plainly held her aloof when her intentions became visible, and so continually frustrated the cleverest little plots, that Alice became weary of the struggle and patient perforce.

The Dowager was now a very old woman; the Earl not a bit nearer death apparently than in his weakly adolescence; and the two women continued friends, though the elder had well-founded suspicions that the younger cherished an idea of succeeding by inheritance to the coveted post, and so ingratiate herself with Lord Clochnaben that he would need her when his mother came to die—and needing her, would marry her *then*.

If it had ever occurred to the Earl of Clochnaben that he would be made more comfortable by having a wife, and that wife Miss Ross, he certainly would

have proposed, for he thought of nothing but his own comfort. But it did *not* occur to him. He did not want to be beloved, he wanted to be attended to; and he had already all the attention he could desire: he did not want to be amused; he was not amusable. He wanted his three draughts a day poured out for him, and his pills brought to him at night. All which had been done, and continued to be done, by his mother's maid, from his boyhood to the present hour.

And so the years rolled on! "While there is life there is hope," and Alice was of a persevering nature. She paid her patient visits to the dull old house and its inmates and sat at home the days that the Dowager had intimated that "if it was fine" she would drive to Glenrossie; she walked by the side of Lord Clochnaben's garden chair, and she played cards with him on week days; and heard texts expounded, with long wandering "discourses" and longer wandering prayers, from Lady Clochnaben's favourite "meenister" on Sundays. It was a curiously dull life, but it suited Alice. Her mother's few friends had formerly sent for her occasionally for gaieties in Edinburgh, Perth hunts, and county balls; and she had partaken of these moderate pleasures in her own tranquil and reserved manner; neither feeling nor expressing any particular gratitude to those who had invited her; never showing the least glimmer of desire to stay a day beyond the time first appointed; nor knitting intimacies, and promising that eager correspondence which girls so frequently indulge in, with any of her own sex and age, whom she might fall in with on these occasions.

People got rather tired of inviting Alice Ross; and the summonses to assist at gaieties became few and far between. She was not one of your "useful" young ladies. She never played quadrilles or waltzes for a stand-up impromptu dance in a gay party of bright juniors; gracefully shelving herself as an elderly and fading virgin. She knitted no warm slippers for gouty old gentlemen or chilly

dowagers. Her care was confined to keeping her own little toes warm. She never "sat back" in anybody's carriage in her life. She always "declined to drive" on such occasions—lamenting, with a grave smile, that she was not "as robust as some folk," to whom it was indifferent which side they occupied in a barouche. She never pronounced the agreeable sentence, "Oh! but let *me* fetch it; I am just going up stairs," to some lady oblivious of her work-box or carpet canvas. Of the three conjugations, active, passive, and neuter, she understood only the two latter!

In the apparent decline of the little popularity she had once enjoyed, she showed neither resentment nor regret. It seemed all one to her whether she were invited or left out: whether her mother's old friends died off, or forgot her; or, from any overwhelming grief, were unable, as formerly, to send for her to form part of their home circle. She had a most discouraging way of receiving news of such persons, replying to her interlocutors by the two monosyllables of "Yes," and "Oh," the "Yes" being slightly interrogative, and the "Oh," a calm assent, not an exclamation. As thus:

"You have heard, dear Miss Ross, of your cousin Dalrymple's misfortune?"

"No."

"Well, he was persuaded to enter into that speculation of Indian railways lately planned, so Lady Miller told me."

"Yes?"

"And he is completely ruined! His eldest girl is going out as a governess."

"Oh."

"Lady Miller told me, too, the horrid story of the death of Mrs. Fraser's two little girls by burning, long ago, you know, when Clochnaben was a boy."

"Yes?"

"There was a Christmas party in the house, and the nurses went down to see the company, leaving a candle near the little beds, and the curtains caught fire in the draught of the door, which had been left ajar; and the poor children's cries weren't heard because of the music

down stairs, and when found they were quite dead—suffocated."

"Oh."

Let it not be supposed, however, from this undemonstrative style of conversation, that Alice Ross was in very truth indifferent to the course of events. In all that touched *herself* she was keen, far-sighted, and long-remembering. She never forgot an injury. She never omitted an opportunity.

Her cat-like resemblance extended to the order and method of her every-day life. In the open daylight of social intercourse, she was tranquil and unobtrusive, or purring and courteous; but in the darkness of solitary hours—in the lone den—her mind prowled and capered, and took its light leaps in pursuit of prey. There the dazed eyes resumed their brilliant watchfulness, and gleamed over the gloom of her destiny. There the many calculations for small and great ends were methodically arranged, and plans laid for besieging, undermining, and beleaguering, such as find no place in military books. The tactics of Elian were nothing in comparison with the tactics of Alice.

Not that she was always successful. There is such a thing as being *too* cautious, too calculating; in common parlance, "too clever by half."

Those who have settled and secret motives for all that they say and do, are apt to ascribe the same amount of motive to others; and to found their strategy upon a state of things which does not exist. Sometimes therefore she over-reached herself, and was *deroutée* by the very simplicity of those with whom she had to deal. The ground she had to march over at such times afforded no cover for sharp shooting or ambuscade.

Still she studied unremittingly; and endeavoured to master the peculiarities and varieties of character, very different from her own. Her half-brother had been one of her earliest studies. Almost as soon as she could think at all, she thought about him. That shy, impressionable, passionate, generous nature seemed revealed to her understanding,

though in matters of feeling they had no link in common. She had a great opinion of his power to charm, though she scarcely knew why. For a great number of years she had continually expected him to marry; then came a phase of time when she entirely rid her mind of any such disagreeable expectation, and then, as life faded away, and the "pleasant reason" for leaving her own lonely den did not occur, she grew to hope such an event was out of the question! She had "kept house" for Sir Douglas during his intervals of home residence. Now all that was over. There sat the sunny-haired, dove-eyed contrast to herself, enthroned and idolized.

Alice did not like it.

CHAPTER XX.

LADY CLOCHNABEN.

THE morning after her display of military books, she rose early, and, putting on her short, well-fitting riding-habit, she rode her Highland pony across the hills to Clochnaben.

As it was no part of Alice's tactics to be frank, she did not begin with the real purpose of her visit, namely, to discover anything Lorimer Boyd might have written about Kenneth; but affected to have made her early expedition in order to inform her dear Lady Clochnaben that the bride was now arrived and settled at Glenrossie.

She drewled forth this news, and the impression made on her by the bride, slowly and quietly, without apparent eagerness or interest. The Countess of Clochnaben was standing with her hands behind her, superintending the planting of some trees, when Alice alighted from her pony. She was so tall, and stood so firmly, that you might think she herself had been planted in the ground; and so thoroughly well planted, that no storm would avail to uproot her. She had been in youth what is termed a "fine woman;" very stately; but the worst of immeasurably stately women is, that, in old age, they are apt to become

gaunt. The Countess of Clochnaben *had* become gaunt. She was also very severe in her opinion of others; gaunt in mind as well as body. She kept very early hours. The iron vibration of the rusty old clock in the courtyard very seldom had the advantage of her in getting the hours of six in summer and seven in winter struck fairly through, before her stern tread was heard on the outer staircase. These morning hours being often chill, and the gusty mountain-gaps full of what Shakspeare calls "an eager and a nipping air," she habitually wore over her cap, as a shield against rheumatic headache, a small quilted black silk bonnet; and when she headed her breakfast-table, what with this peculiarity of costume, the rigid and erect carriage of her tall body, and the prepared severity of her mouth, she looked like a venerable judge about to pass sentence on a criminal. And, indeed, she was continually passing sentence on criminals. Most of her neighbours and connexions were criminals in her eyes; and she spent her time in reviewing their conduct with much asperity. The late Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland told a friend that, with respect to *females* brought before him for crime, he was "generally inclined to believe in their guilt." Whether he held the strict opinion of the Roman Caesar, that it was a fault in a woman even to be accused or suspected, he did not explain. Neither did Lady Clochnaben explain the grounds of her decisions; but it is certain that she generally concluded on the guilt of all females (and most males) whom she summoned for judgment into the Court Session held in her own mind.

She was wont to say grimly, in speaking of any plan proposed to her by persons she thought incompetent, "I give it my determined opposition,"—and it was on these occasions that her factor—nominally (very nominally), "factor to the Earl of Clochnaben"—used to observe that she was "an awfu' woman to contravene." She herself bore out the factor's assertion. She never made use of that common phrase, "That is my opinion." She heard the opinion of

others; mowed it down with an absolute reversal; and after setting her thin lips with a sort of preface of negation, said, in a hard distinct voice, "That's my *dictum*." All her opinions were "dictums," and all her "dictums" were laws.

She was, as I have already observed, very severe on her neighbours. She said she had an "abhorrence" of sin, and no doubt she had; and she pronounced two "dictums," or dictas, that greatly troubled Kenneth's tutor step-father, who was inclined to be liberal in these matters. The first of these was, "Don't talk to me of temptation; temptations are just simply the sauce the devil serves up fools with." And the second, "God's mercy is a great encouragement to obstinate offenders."

Indeed, offenders of all kinds, obstinate or repentant, found no favour in her eyes. Heaven might pardon them, but Lady Clochnaben could not.

She had a sort of gleam of indulgence for the invalided Clochnaben. He was not "a sinner," but a "poor creature." She was not exactly fond of him; because, as the same shrewd factor who considered her an awfu' woman to contravene observed—"There were two words which were not to be found in her leddyship's vocabulary; '*fond*,' and '*give*.'" She was both fierce and parsimonious. But what little milk of human kindness there was in her rugged nature, and what narrow notions of sacrifice either of her own time or personal comfort existed there,—existed for the behoof and benefit of Clochnaben. Once, indeed, she had been betrayed into a burst of something almost like maternal tenderness. When Mrs. Fraser's two little girls were burnt, Clochnaben (a very timid helpless lad) had fled from the scene, and, for a brief space, it was thought he too might have perished. He was found, however, crouched in the garden, and brought back to the house. When his mother beheld him safe and unsinged, in the gladness of her surprise she caught him to her breast with a hearty embrace. But immediately afterwards, recollecting

the needless terror and anxiety she had endured on his account, she thrust him from her with one vigorous hand, just far enough to administer with the other a remarkably well-directed pugilistic blow in the pit of the stomach; exclaiming, "That will teach you not to trifle with my feelings another time." She did not permit any of her feelings to be trifled with. She had watched Alice Ross's attempt to marry him with more displeasure than fear. She did not choose that he should marry. She gave all such schemes "her determined opposition." She always looked beyond the frail life of her eldest son to Lorimer Boyd. Lorimer was to marry. Clochnaben was to die single. She looked upon him as a sort of *locum tenens*, and temporary representative of the family, the future fortunes of which were to be in the hands of his brother, after he should be quietly reposing in the family vault. She was extremely proud of Lorimer. She had the poems which he published as a young collegian bound in scarlet morocco and laid conspicuously on the table in the great sitting-room,—a room hung round with the hard portraits of his ancestors; and boasted a good deal of his abilities to her few intimate friends.

She had often boasted of her son Lorimer to Alice Ross; and now, when that astute little personage in the grey riding habit had made her announcement of the arrival of young Lady Ross, an impatient sigh and a "glowering" look told at once that neither the bride nor the subject were particularly welcome.

In truth, if Lady Clochnaben could have given this marriage her "determined opposition," she would have done so with quite as much vigour as the reader of the tactics of Elian. Her woman's instinct told her, hard woman though she was, that Lorimer Boyd had taken an interest in Gertrude Skifton beyond what he chose to admit. It was not for nothing, she thought, that after mentioning the Skiftons in every letter he wrote, quoting them, praising them, delighting in them,—he suddenly "kept

silence even from good words," and after once or twice mentioning in a gloomy and constrained way the parties they were making with Sir Douglas and Kenneth at Naples, ceased altogether to comment on their existence.

Lady Clochnaben was of opinion that Lorimer "had thought of the girl for himself;" and though she probably would have considered such a match,—in spite of Gertrude's fortune and good connexion on her mother's side,—not nearly good enough for the condescension of her consent,—still she resented the chance being taken out of her power, and her favourite son being, as she shrewdly suspected, wounded and disappointed.

They were cousins, too, by a sort of distant Scotch cousinhood, the Clochnabens and Lady Charlotte Skifton: and, though they repudiated all knowledge of the Skifton element in the family, they considered Lady Charlotte to be bound to them by that inextricable tie.

Lady Clochnaben had no motive for reserve, and she abused the young Lady Ross in round set terms; though she did not know her. She sneered a good deal at Sir Douglas. She hoped the marriage *might* turn out well, but that sort of marriage very seldom succeeded. She condescended to say she would come over to the castle, "though the bride little deserved such attention," and that Clochnaben would come also: that was enough.

Then she entered on a branch of the subject most eagerly listened to by Alice: the gossip that had percolated through various channels respecting Kenneth's admiration for Gertrude, and how his uncle had cut him out, and what a worthless sinner Kenneth was. And old Lady Clochnaben gave a jocose little shake to the black quilted bonnet, with a grotesque attempt at gaiety, for she thought it a good joke that Kenneth should be ousted and outwitted, though she thought it no joke at all that her son Lorimer should lose *his* chance of winning the same prize.

And all being said that could be said

in croaking dispraise of the new-married couple, the black-capped judge proceeded to the trial of another cause; with which indeed Sir Douglas was also more or less connected: the said cause being the conduct of the Episcopalian clergyman on the estate of Glenrossie, who was actually endeavouring "most improperly," as the irate Dowager expressed it, to get a disused burying-ground consecrated for burials in his own parish.

Now the small Episcopal Church and its interests had been confided by Sir Douglas to Savile Heaton, the tutor who had married Maggie, on that gentleman's own petition, and it was hardly possible to imagine a greater complication than the state of matters induced by this arrangement. Scanty as the population was, there was a Free Kirk, a Scotch Established Church, and the somewhat decorated little temple of worship over which Mr. Savile Heaton presided; the Episcopalian Church, on which he spent the very slender funds he could command of his own; in which he preached rather elaborate sermons; and for which he had trained a little band of singers, accompanied by a small organ.

The amount of fierce quarrelling among the differing Christians of these three churches; the frenzy of scorn; the sly backbiting; the consigning of each other's souls to eternal and unavoidable perdition; the losing sight of all the reality and purposes of prayer in the rabid disputes of how prayer should be offered up,—was a spectacle for men and angels!

Maggie held with her husband; though she yawned all through the sermon, and frequently came to afternoon church in a state of drowsy tipsiness.

Her father, the old miller, went to the Free Kirk, her mother to the Established, "as a decent body ought;" and they agreed in little except in being generally "fou" on a Sunday evening.

Lady Clochnaben was Presbyterian; and so was Miss Alice Ross: and both these ladies belonged also to that widespread and influential sect, the Phari-

sees. They were continually thanking God that they were better than their neighbours ; and lost in contemplation of the notes in their brother's eye.

On the morning that Alice had chosen to ride over to the grim grey house on the misty hills, Lady Clochnaben had received a letter from Lorimer, which extremely displeased her : a letter in answer to one of her own in which she expressed her intention to give her "most determined opposition" to schemes of the sort set on foot in the neighbouring parish by Mr. Heaton, and requested Lorimer to remonstrate with Sir Douglas Ross respecting the conduct of that gentleman. She called her son's attention to a report of proceedings elsewhere, respecting the consecration of a cemetery, sending it thickly interspersed at its impressive passages with dashes from her firm hand in rigorous lines of ink. Such sentences as the following met with her especial approval :—

"This was a Presbyterian country, where the consecration of burying grounds was not only considered a thing of no use, but was condemned as superstitious and allied to Popery : consecration of the sold portions of the cemetery was an insult to the proprietors of the ground. Churchyards and churches, and many other places were consecrated many hundred years ago ; but the Reformation swept these consecrations away, the will of the nation reduced them to nonentities. To consecrate would be to give the Episcopalians a right to the service of burial. Why should such favour be shown to Episcopalians ! Presbyterians who had acquired rights of burial in the same ground might justly feel themselves aggrieved : and others might feel only merriment and surprise that such a ceremony had been indulged in at all : it was good for nothing : the cemetery was neither the better nor the worse for it, though it might indeed lead to a feeling against the cemetery in the minds of Presbyterians, *who would not use it as they might otherwise have done.*"

Could Lady Clochnaben have seen the gloomy and contemptuous smile with

which Lorimer read the last sentence, descriptive of the repugnance a right-minded Presbyterian would feel at the notion of being buried in ground defiled by consecration, she would have been still more provoked at his answer, which abruptly said :—

"With reference to your expectation that I should write to Douglas to interfere with Mr. Heaton about the burying-ground, I wonder you do not see that I can do no such thing ; nor, if I did, could my meddling be of any possible use. As to my own feelings on the subject, if people like to be buried like dogs, let them be so buried ; but I cannot see why a piece of ground which is of neither use nor value to the present community, should remain useless, merely because people were formerly so buried in it. The consecration will not, I presume, affect the poor dust lying there, though by the report you send me it might discourage future corpses of the Presbyterian persuasion."

"This comes of residing abroad, you see, Alice," said the Dowager, as she gave a vicious tightening to the folds of the letter, and then tapped it with her bony fore-finger. "Lorimer is grown into a Latitudinarian, and, for aught I know, into something worse. But I'm just resolved to fight out this matter, and I'll do it. The very idea of the Torrieburn folk makes me sick ; and if you can't crush a man one way, you can another—that's my dictum."

Whether—like the wrathful king, who rashly said of Thomas à Beckett that he wondered he had no subject who would rid him of that priest—and so procured his murder,—the angry Dowager expressed before any very unscrupulous party her opinion that the place would be well rid of Mr. Heaton, cannot be clearly known ; but his position, never a very comfortable one, was made more and more intolerable by a series of small and great annoyances, the last of which was attended with some danger, not only to him, but to Gertrude Ross.

An anxious consultation had been held as to the terms on which Mrs.

Kenneth Ross of Torrieburn, now Mrs. Heaton, should stand with the young Lady Ross. Alice had resolutely stood out, even in her loneliest days, against communication with her. "She was not recognised by her mother," was her sole observation when pressed on the subject.

But Gertrude leaned to peace, and to that quiet dealing with unfortunate events in families, so seldom adopted—though, if the dignity of reserve towards the world, on which such apparent indulgence is founded, were more common, scandals would be kept private which the world only mocks at, and the persons affected by them would be the happier. It was decided that Lady Ross should pay her visit to Torrieburn.

To "cut" the widow of Sir Douglas's brother, the wife of the clergyman who had brought Kenneth up, would have been a very harsh and difficult step to take. Intimacy was not desirable, was not probable; but countenance and acknowledgment towards one so nearly connected with Sir Douglas, seemed almost imperative.

To Torrieburn Gertrude drove with her husband, and shuddered over the account he gave, at the fatal bridge over the Falls, of the death of his brother. Her mind still full of the tragic tale, and of the description of Maggie herself in her youthful beauty, Gertrude entered the drawing-room, and was received by the occupant.

Mr. Heaton was a shy, earnest-looking man, who spoke very little, and kept glancing at his wife as if all the years that had passed had failed to quiet his expectations of her doing or saying something that would shock others.

Maggie herself was grown inordinately fat and coarse, though still handsome. She was dressed in the most *outré* style of the fashion, according to the peculiar faith in milliners which makes English, Scotch, and Irish women believe that they ought to put on, at their own firesides, toilettes which the French never wear at all, or only wear when dressed for visiting or driving in the Bois de Boulogne.

Maggie was a hundred times "finer" than the bride; and with her finery she had adopted a sort of affectedly jolly, defiant manner, by which she intended to show that she neither desired to be patronized, nor would submit to be "looked down upon."

All she did and said jarred with the feelings of compassion and interest with which Gertrude's mind had been filled.

As to Maggie, she saw Gertrude with bitter prejudice. Kenneth, her wild, insolent, vain Kenneth, had not observed the silence practised by Lorrimer Boyd towards his dowager mother. He had told his less awful parent that he was in love, and was beloved again; and Maggie, remembering all his letters, took the view consequent upon them, namely, that she saw before her the jilting coquette who had "thrown over" the young lover, to become possessed of Glenrossie Castle, and make a more wealthy marriage.

The visit was awkward and embarrassed, in spite of gentle efforts at cordiality on the part of the bride, all unconscious as she was of what was passing in Maggie's mind.

At length she said to the latter that she would like to clamber up the Falls and look down on the view; and "Mrs. Ross Heaton," as she called herself, prepared to accompany her. When they had nearly reached the head of the Falls, and while a thick screen of mountain ash and birch still hid the house they had left from view, a loud report startled them; and, looking through the trees, they saw smoke issuing from one of the windows.

Descending rapidly, they retraced their steps towards the dwelling they had so lately left, and found Sir Douglas and Savile Heaton standing in front of the house, angrily commenting on some disaster that had just taken place.

On examination it was found that the iron bush of a cart-wheel, tightly plugged up at both ends with wood, in one of which a hole had been drilled, through which it had been filled with gunpowder, with a fuse inserted, so as to form a grenade, had been placed under

the window of the drawing-room where they had been talking, and fired.

The bush had burst into splinters, spreading in all directions, passing through the window and ceiling, and lodging in the floor of the room above. Glass was shattered; furniture broken; the smell of gunpowder still floated on the air. Maggie did not scream; she stood panting and staring for a few seconds, and then with excessive fierceness she exclaimed, "I'd be glad their necks were ground in our mill!"

After which speech she flung herself into the arms of her husband, and there continued sobbing wildly till she saw, or imagined she saw, a retreating form of a man among the bushes, when she suddenly ceased weeping, and sprang forward with an activity very surprising in so cumbersome a figure.

No one was discoverable, however, and she came slowly back again.

Her husband spoke kindly to her, and bade her take farewell of Sir Douglas and Gertrude, which she did somewhat sullenly; Sir Douglas reiterating to Mr. Heaton assurances of assistance and goodwill.

Gertrude was very silent during the drive home. She had been frightened and bewildered; and much that she found at Glenrossie was so disappointing. Maggie, so coarse and strange; Alice so ungenial and alien; she scarcely knew why. The squabbles about religious forms, which had been discussed before her, so hideous and yet so trifling! She sighed, and turned to Sir Douglas, who had also been silently ruminating. She took his true frank hand, and he bent and kissed her as she sat silently there by his side.

"Much was disappointing; but what could quench the joy of that love? Much was disappointing; but Sir Douglas, her own Douglas, was perfect; and she was his for ever!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MAMMA'S LETTER.

PARADISE had a cloud over it after this. Gertrude could not comprehend bitter-

ness; she had never felt it. Holy thoughts, with her, were peaceful thoughts. She talked a great deal with Mr. Heaton over his troubles and anxieties, and produced a corresponding degree of displeasure in rigid Lady Clochnaben, and watchful Alice Ross. Her principles were very lax in their opinion. She had even been guilty one Sabbath evening of singing. Sir Douglas had caught cold out fishing; his eyes were inflamed; he could not read or occupy himself in any way, and his wife opened her well-worn music-book, and sat down to amuse him with her little store of melodies, in the most natural way in the world. Lady Clochnaben was spending a couple of days at Glenrossie. She stared at the bride; and, clutching the two arms of the high-backed chair in which she was seated, so as to give herself a stiffer and more authoritative pose, she said sternly, "Lady Ross, you're surely forgetting what day it is!"

Gertrude looked wonderingly round.

"Gertie only remembers that it is the day after I have taken cold," laughed Sir Douglas.

"You should not encourage such doings at Glenrossie," said the Dowager severely; "there never was mirth or singing since I can remember the place, on such an improper day as the Lord's day."

"I really do not understand," said Gertrude.

"Don't you know, Gertie, that we Caledonians are so strict in our observance of the Sabbath, that singing and such like diversions are forbidden? There is a sad story extant, of a lady who lost her pet dog for ever, because, when it strayed, the gentleman friend she was walking with was afraid to whistle for it, on account of the day being Sunday."

"The Lord forgive us, is *that* the way you mean to instruct your wife!" exclaimed the fearless Dowager, setting her spectacles at Sir Douglas. Alice said nothing. She looked up with a plaintive, pitiful glance, at her half-brother, shook her head slightly, as

much as to say, "this will never do!" and then, slowly rising, with a volume of explanations of the prophecies of Ezekiel in her hand, she crept away from the profanity, and went to bed.

Gertrude rather pined for her mother in this alienated state of things; she had been used to love and petting from that tender though weak-minded companion. But the youthful-elderly was making a happy little "season" in London. She was in no hurry to leave the metropolis; to forsake the circle of recovered friends, and discourage their invitations by burying herself in the Highlands.

"I will come to you, my darling," she wrote, "but not just yet. I would like to come in the autumn, when you have a nice shooting party, and then see your hills and heather braes. I have such a pretty little house in Park Street! such a sunny drawing-room, and a little boudoir (you know how I love a boudoir), with a Louis Quatorze looking-glass, and a quantity of lovely little odds and ends. I was lucky to get it! It was advertised as a 'bachelor' house, and now they say it belonged to a 'bachelor of the other sex;' but that makes no difference. I mean it does not signify to *me* who lived here before me, of course. And indeed the proof that it doesn't signify at all, is, that all my friends call, and call, till you'd think they would never have done calling! And I am constantly asked out to dinner, when they want a lady in a hurry and some one has failed, and in the same way I am asked to accompany young married friends to the opera. I assure you I have spent a very pleasant time, and am quite pleased to see how little forgotten I am; for I certainly thought people rather cold about your wedding; but then we had only just arrived, and I had not gone the round with my cards, you know.

"There has been a magnificent *fête* at Devonshire House, and the Duke came up to me directly, and said how rejoiced he was to see me, and that he did not think I had altered the least in the last fifteen years. And he asked

after you, too—at least, he asked after my 'children;' and when I told him I had lost my poor boy, and that my other child was a daughter who was grown up and married, he seemed quite surprised; and only that he was obliged, at the moment, to go and be civil to somebody else, I meant to have seized the opportunity of begging him to remember *you* when you came to town; but you can call there with me, and that will do as well,—I mean as well as my speaking about you.

"And now, dear, I will conclude, and promise faithfully to come to you later in the year. You know it is said to be as well, after marriage, to leave the young couple awhile to themselves. Excuse *my little joke*; for, of course, you are not a 'young' couple: I mean Sir Douglas is not young, though you are, and *that* made the joke; but it need not vex you, for he is a great deal handsomer than any young man I see going about, and I always thought him handsomer even than his saucy nephew, of whom I hope you have good news, and that he will keep out of the way.

"Your ever affectionate Mother,

"CHARLOTTE SKIFTON.

"P.S.—My dearest Gertie, I re-open my letter, because I really cannot let it go without telling you such a piece of good news! I have just got my card for one of the Royal balls!

"I went, you know, to the Drawing-room, the very first thing I did, after all the fuss of your marriage, &c. was over; but the Court being new, and all that, I really did not feel sanguine about being remembered: and I can't tell you how pleased I was when I opened the big envelope just now, and out came the Lord Chamberlain's card! I went to the Drawing-room in very dark garter blue, with my few diamonds very prettily arranged: and I did think of wearing pink for this occasion, but perhaps it would be thought too *young*, you know; people are not good-natured: so I shall go in pale silver-grey and pearls, or in mauve; I understand mauve is Her Majesty's favourite colour; but perhaps

for that very reason she may be wearing it herself; and that would incline me to the grey, especially as I have not been to a Court ball since your poor father died; and I have always thought a widow should wear very quiet colours, at all events for a good while after her mourning is over.

"I suppose you will attend the very first Drawing-room next season? Sir Douglas must wish that: and you will have plenty of time to think about it beforehand. I advise you to employ Madame Albertine Chiffonne; she is just come to set up in London, and is quite the rage among the fine ladies, and very busy. But she has promised, however overwhelmed with orders she may be, that she will give me the preference first, and was uncommonly civil.

"I have Isidor as coiffeur; I think he has more taste than Cavalier. He amused me very much with stories of how busy he was at the Coronation some years ago. He said he dressed a hundred and fifty-four heads, between the evening and the next morning. A good many had their heads dressed over night, and slept or sat up in arm-chairs, or leaning back on the sofas; and a good many met at each other's houses,—to save time, and make sure of Isidor,—and they sat in a long row, while he and his assistants brushed, and oiled, and plaited, and twisted, and twirled, till he said he had scarcely any sensation left in his fingers and thumbs! And the old Marchioness of Timberly was so afraid he would be tired, and not finish her head off properly (being one of the last) that she kept offering him claret every two minutes, saying, 'Take another glass, Mr. Isidor, I think your hand droops.' 'Certainly,' he said, 'if I had swallowed all the wine that old lady offered me, I should no longer have distinguished where the heads were that I was to dress.'

"And what do you think, Gertie, of the speech of that handsome eccentric Mrs. Cregan, whom Lorimer Boyd used to admire so—when I told her the story? She said, 'More fools they! I rolled my hair in a smooth twist, and walked

across the Park to Westminster in the cool early morning with my brother; for I considered it a day on which of all days in the year I was least likely to be looked at, and most likely to endure great fatigue. I knew the streets would be crowded, the carriages dead-locked from their numbers; and the only thing I wished I *had* taken overnight was my breakfast; for it was impossible to get the servants to attend to anything on that eventful morning.'

"So like Mrs. Cregan, wasn't it? taking things in that cool sort of way. I daresay just as cool about the Royal balls.

"Well, I ain't like her, Gertie, and I declare my hand quite shakes while I write to you about it, only I thought you would be glad to know Her Most Gracious Majesty had not forgotten me, but had sent me a card.

"This P.S. has grown quite to the length of another letter, but you can't wonder at that, because of what I had to say.

"Your affectionate Mum,

"C. S."

"Here is a visitor you will be glad to see, Gertrude," said Sir Douglas cheerily, opening the door just as Gertrude had got to the end of the little fine *pattes de mouche* of her mother's writing. "Here is Lorimer, on a two months' leave, come to look after Clochnaben! You must persuade him to give us a week of his time. You are lady of the Castle now, you know."

Gertrude rose, and fixed her glad soft eyes on Lorimer's countenance; not without a certain degree of nervous trepidation; remembering all that had occurred, and the confidence she had placed in him, when Kenneth's reckless love-making and yet more reckless threats, made her fear she scarcely knew what, for Sir Douglas.

Lorimer also seemed a little nervous; though his manner was generally impassive. His hand was icy cold as he took hers, and his eyes were averted. He gave a short stifled sigh, and stood

for a moment in one of the oriel windows.

"It is a long time since I was here," he said.

The sadness with which he spoke was so obvious, that Gertrude longed to ask him if aught had occurred to fret him: but there are men whose reserve you dare not break through, however real your sympathy may be with their

supposed sorrow. Lorimer was one of these men.

Gertrude felt embarrassed: and, to help her embarrassment, she held out her mother's letter.

"I have just heard from mamma," she said; "you can read her news if you like."

To be continued.

THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISHWOMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE sixteenth century has been called the age of learned women. Its title to be so designated in the annals of England dates from a period very near its commencement. The revival of letters was long in reaching this country, but the quickening impulse, once received, inspired many minds with a generous zeal for the improvement of education. The temper of these reformers was audacious. They exalted the classics to the skies, and trampled the schoolmen under foot. They despised all who adhered to the old studies, while they insisted that none should be refused the blessings of the new.

Liberal culture for the minds of girls as well as boys was first recommended by the example and authority of Sir Thomas More.¹ Jealous of the least innovation

in religion, More was yet at once an ardent votary of the classical learning and the ready advocate of social progress. Among the half-serious, half-humorous suggestions of the "Utopia," which he wrote when a husband and the father of a family of daughters, not the least curious are those relating to the position of the female sex. The women of his model state enjoy most of those rights which only a few of the stronger-minded even lay claim to in Europe. It must, indeed, be confessed with grief that the Utopian wife is subject to the control and correction of her lord, but this is almost the only point in which the masculine gender of that enlightened race is preferred to the feminine. The Utopians are great farmers, and their women are taught all the secrets of agriculture as carefully as the men, while they are exempted from the rougher work. All kinds of handicrafts flourish in Utopia, and are pursued by both sexes alike, though the weaker chiefly addict themselves to spinning and weaving, and other similar employments. The boys and girls devote their leisure hours to reading. The British artisan, as we all know, spends his evenings at the Mechanics' Institute. In this, however, as in most other matters, Utopia

Society, also contains numerous letters written by women of moderate station in the reign of Henry VII., chiefly, however, during the latter half of it.

¹ As to the general condition of female literature in England at the close of the fifteenth century, we have few means of judging. In describing the accomplishments of Jane Shore, Sir Thomas More mentions that she could "read well and write," as if that were an extraordinary circumstance. We gain a more favourable impression from the Paston Letters, which consist of the correspondence of a respectable, though not noble, family in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Henry VII. If these letters are genuine, which we are forbidden to doubt, it is plain, as Mr. Hallam remarks, "that several members of the family, male and female, wrote not only grammatically, but with a fluency and facility, an epistolary expertness, which implies the habitual use of the pen." The Plumpton Correspondence, published by the Camden

is far ahead of us; for there the labourers, women as well as men, rise before dawn to attend two or three lectures, as a whet to the occupations of the day. Throughout the community, whatever instruction is given to the one sex is open to the other. The women are even accustomed to military exercises and discipline, that in time of war they may not be quite useless. While no Utopian is forced to bear arms against his will, he is encouraged to volunteer by the prospect of receiving aid from his wife and daughters, to whom it is a distinction to fight by his side. After this we can feel no doubt that all Utopian professions are accessible to feminine ambition. If there are no female barristers in Utopia, it is merely because that fortunate land has few laws and no lawyers, the practice of advocacy being forbidden as immoral. If the traveller who describes the national manners makes no mention of female physicians, this is explained by the fact that his auditors are men of the time of Henry VIII., to whom the wonder would have been not that women should, but that they should not, follow medicine. It was more to the purpose to state the relation of the women to the priesthood; and this is done in words which, when we remember the ecclesiastical principles of Moses, sound oddly enough. The Utopian priests, we are told, "if they be not women (for that sex is not excluded from the office, though rarely chosen, and then not unless they be widows, and old), have for their wives the most excellent women in the country."

To any one who knows Sir Thomas More as he deserves to be known, these fancies will appear eminently characteristic. They are the conceits of a mind loving both to jest with a grave face and to express genuine convictions in the language of *persiflage*. What More's views really were of the studies and pursuits fit for women, we may learn from his practice in his own household. His three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecilia, and his adopted daughter, another Margaret, were placed under the same tutors and instructed

from the same books as his son John. The knight insisted that, if the reflections commonly cast on the female understanding were sound, they would but afford so many additional reasons for bestowing on it all possible cultivation. His reasoning, and still more the success of his experiment, made a convert of his friend Erasmus, who, as he himself tells us, had previously shared the vulgar prejudice. In his *Letters and Colloquies*, the famous scholar commended the precedent which, "*fortiter contemptâ novi exempli invidia*," the author of the Utopia had made, to the imitation of Europe. More's house he denominated "*musarum domicilium*," and extolled it as more admirable than Plato's Academy. In the same strain of panegyric, but yet with manifest sincerity, he celebrated the studies and accomplishments of its female inmates. The acquirements of all these young ladies were certainly remarkable for that age, and those of the eldest daughter would have been remarkable in any age. They all wrote themes and verses in Latin, and studied logic. But the performances of Margaret More attracted by far the most admiration. When Reginald Pole was shown one of her letters, he could hardly be persuaded that it was written by a woman. She was not only a Greek and Latin scholar, but a diligent reader of philosophy and theology. A specimen of her scholarship has been preserved in an emendation which she suggested of a corrupt passage in Cyprrian. She translated Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History from Greek into Latin, but was anticipated in the publication by Bishop Christopherson, a noted Grecian, who had undertaken the same task. She also composed sundry discourses and declamations, both in Latin and English, some of which her fond father preferred to essays of his own on the same subjects. Exercises of this kind were the fashion of the day. Only in rare instances did learning produce the fruit of true literature.

All More's children seem to have married early; but they continued to

reside with their father, and, notwithstanding the birth of eleven grandchildren, to prosecute their studies. These were blended with the cultivation of music, painting, and poetry. The knight's house at Chelsea was also a little museum of natural history. Its inmates formed, in fact, a sort of private school. From a letter written by More to his favourite daughter, after she had become Margaret Roper, we find that she was then studying astronomy under a Mr. Nicholas. "Commend me kindly," says the father, "to your husband, who 'maketh me rejoyce for that he studieth 'the same things that you do; and, 'whereas I am wont always to counsel 'you to give place to your husband, 'now, on the other side, I give you 'license to master him in the know- 'ledge of the sphere. Commend me 'to all your schoolfellows, but to your 'master especially." After More's death the tradition of a liberal education for daughters was faithfully preserved in the family. The celebrated Roger Ascham informs us that Mrs. Roper was very desirous of having him for the instructor of her children; but he could not at that time be induced to leave the University. Her daughter, Mrs. Basset, was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary. This lady translated into English a part of her grandfather's "Exposition of our Saviour's Passion," and imitated his style so successfully that the translation was thought to have been made by Sir Thomas himself. Another of Mrs. Roper's daughters was Mrs. Clarke, whom Ascham praises for her love of literature.

But it was not only in More's own family that the example set by him was followed. The more enlightened of the nobility were swayed by his high character; and the plan of female education which his name had first rendered respectable, the influence of the Court soon rendered fashionable. Henry VIII. as a younger son, had been originally designed for the Church, and in consequence received an ecclesiastical training. His intellectual passion was for theological controversy, but he had

some taste for secular learning, and considerable regard for education. It appears that he even took an active part in the compilation of Lilly's grammar. It is some evidence of the capacity of Catharine of Aragon, that for several years she conducted the correspondence between two such veteran diplomatists as her father-in-law and her father. Erasmus speaks of her as eminently learned; and certainly her attention to the instruction of her daughter Mary must have satisfied even so rigid a disciplinarian as her husband. Before the heiress to the crown was seven years old, two of the most distinguished scholars of the time, a Spaniard and an Englishman, were employed in drawing up manuals to aid her progress in Latin. About the same time, the Spaniard, Ludovicus Vives, dedicated to the Queen his treatise "*De Institutione Femenæ Christianæ*," in which the daughters of More are instanced by name as models of female accomplishment. He was shortly afterwards appointed preceptor to the princess. Mary proved herself an apt scholar: when she was only twelve years of age, Erasmus testified to the correctness with which she wrote Latin. In course of time she also learned Spanish, French, and Italian. The first, as it was her mother's tongue, she may be presumed to have acquired perfectly; but Italian she did not speak, and Walpole, no bad judge, refers slightly to her French epistles. Towards the end of her father's reign she undertook and partly executed an English version of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the Gospel of Saint John. To this task she was invited by Queen Catharine Parr, who, in her zeal for the Reformation, had planned a translation of the whole Paraphrase on the New Testament by the joint labour of several hands. That lady, who was some five years older than her stepdaughter, was one of the first, out of More's household, to reap the benefit of his educational reform. Ascham salutes her in a letter with the epithet "*eruditissima*," and compliments her on studying more amid the distractions of

a court than many of his academic brethren did in the full leisure of college life. A Latin letter is still extant which Catharine addressed to Mary when the latter was constrained by weak health to leave the completion of her version to her chaplain. The first portion of the translated Paraphrase, comprising the four Gospels and the Acts, was published in 1547; and it was ordered by the Council that every parish church in the kingdom should have a copy. Prefixed to this work was a dedication to Catharine from the pen of Nicholas Udall, master of Eton, which contains some sentences bearing on our present subject. "It is now a common thing to see young virgins so nursed and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastimes at nought for learning's sake. It is now no news at all to see queens and ladies of most high state and progeny, instead of courtly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exercises of reading and writing, and with most earnest study, both early and late, to apply themselves to the acquiring of knowledge, as well in all other liberal arts and disciplines as also most especially of God and His most Holy Word."

This testimony is confirmed by Roger Ascham, who, in a letter dated 1550, declares that many English maidens, educated by himself and his friends, surpassed the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning. As the taste for classical literature spread, numerous scholars of distinction became tutors in private families, and the daughters as well as the sons profited by their lessons. Foremost in the list of their female pupils stands the name of Jane Grey. Before she had emerged from childhood, that astonishing girl "had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness. At fifteen she was learning Hebrew, and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters

"is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyric of admiring courtiers."¹ Contemporary as a student with Lady Jane, though a good deal her senior, was Anne, Countess of Pembroke, a younger sister of Catharine Parr, who read Pindar with Ascham. To about the same date also belong Mary, Countess of Arundel, Joanna, Lady Lumley, and Mary, Duchess of Norfolk, all of whom made various translations from Greek into Latin and English. But the accomplished ladies of that age were not always of high birth or station. We have the name of a London citizen's daughter who, in the days of Henry VIII. was noted for her knowledge of languages, and for other attainments; and under Edward VI. Lady Jane Grey had several worthy compeers of much humbler extraction than her own. Among these, none were more famous than the five daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, who owed his appointment of tutor to the young king much more to his high character and large erudition than to his origin or connexions. These ladies were sought in marriage by the most eminent men of the time, chiefly, as Camden tells us, for their natural and acquired endowments. The old scholar who had imbued them with his own lofty, knowledge-loving spirit, had a right to the boast which he addressed to his eldest-born, Mildred: "My life is your portion; my example your inheritance." This lady, who became Lady Burghley, is mentioned by Ascham as rivalling Jane Grey in her knowledge of Greek. Anne, the second sister, married Lord Keeper Bacon, and applied her deep learning to theological subjects. She translated Jewell's *Apologia* from the Latin, and Ochino's sermons from the Italian. The eloquence, as well as the mental and moral elevation of this admirable woman, are known to all who have read Mr. Spedding's biography of her famous son. If the qualities of parents descend to their children, we may justly affirm that the mother of Francis Bacon con-

¹ Froude.

tributed to the formation of his character much intellectual ardour and much soaring enthusiasm, but not one particle of selfishness, or servility, or sordid ambition. Of Sir Anthony's three youngest daughters less is known. One of them married Lord John Russell, heir of the house of Bedford; another wedded Sir Henry Killigrew, a trusted servant and envoy of Queen Elizabeth. The latter wrote Latin elegiacs which, in the opinion of Lord Macaulay, would appear with credit in the *Musæ Etonenses*. The names above-mentioned, though the most remarkable, are not by any means the only ones which might be cited to illustrate the prevalence of literary tastes among Englishwomen in the reign of Edward VI. And it is reasonable to believe that the love of study, which in so many recorded instances rose to the height of a passion, possessed numerous other female minds in a smaller degree, and that ladies in the best society were frequently accomplished enough to be admired, though not to be commemorated.

There has been a good deal of controversy respecting the manner in which the Reformation, while in progress, affected the interests of education. As to England, in particular, it has been contended that the destruction of monasteries and the schools attached to them inflicted a great temporary check on the diffusion of learning. At the accession of Elizabeth, the Speaker of the House of Commons complained to Her Majesty that more than a hundred flourishing schools had been destroyed in the demolition of the monasteries, and that ignorance had prevailed ever since. On the other hand, it has been urged that the monks were the deadliest foes of true knowledge, and that the loss of the monastic schools was well supplied by the foundation of others on a more enlightened plan, and with better instructors. This argument proceeds on the assumption that the new institutions were an adequate equivalent for the suppressed seminaries not only in number, size, and situation, but also in adaptability to the wants of different

classes. On a broad view, the assumption is probably justifiable. No one, at all events, would rashly impugn it who has any just sense of the benefits which we owe to the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. It is liable, however, to one serious exception, which we are bound in this place to indicate. In this country, at all events, no substitute whatever was provided for the instruction, poor as it was, which the nuns had afforded to their female scholars. While the convents stood, they served the purpose of boarding-schools for young women of the middle and upper classes. The Prioress of the Canterbury Tales had been educated at the "Schole of Stratford atte Bowe," or in other words at the nunnery there. Conventual breeding appears to have been regarded as a certificate of gentility. The wife of the miller of Trumpington, in Chaucer, claimed the title of madam as much on the score of her having been brought up in a cloister as of her good birth. Women so trained acquired rather the accomplishments of the day than much tincture of letters. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, some literary fame was achieved by Juliana Barnes, prioress of a Benedictine establishment near and belonging to the great abbey of Saint Alban's. But, though this lady wrote books, they were treatises on field-sports and heraldry. Not very dissimilar probably were the subjects which, in the intervals of devotion, occupied the most respectable and cultivated nuns at the time when the religious houses were suppressed. Most of the convents were in such a state that their destruction was an unmixed good; but we may lament that a few of the best administered were not secularized, and preserved on an improved model, as institutions for female instruction. The royal visitors themselves interceded strongly for the nunnery of Godstow in Oxfordshire, representing that it was irreproachably conducted, and that most of the young gentlewomen of the county received their education within its walls. Remonstrances, however, were fruitless. Out

of the small portion of the monastic revenues which was applied to the promotion of knowledge, it does not appear that one penny went to replace the conventual schools which had been broken up; nor were any other steps taken for that purpose.

In Germany, things were better managed. There the instruction given in convents had been much the same as in England, and there the nuns had been expelled from their homes with even less consideration than here. But in Germany public provision of a better kind for the teaching of girls had previously been made, and was gradually being extended. Notwithstanding the opposition of some, who insisted that the weaker sex had no need of mental culture, and that knowledge would only make them forget their duties and lead them into vice, the opinion of Erasmus and More prevailed. By degrees it was admitted that women even of the lower classes ought to be taught something more than the Creed, the Paternoster, and the hymns commonly sung in churches. When the nunneries were broken up in the Protestant states of Germany, there existed schools in various places throughout the country, from Lubeck in the north to Nuremberg in the south, where girls learned reading, writing, arithmetic, music, and Latin.

The want of such schools in England was feelingly deplored, more than a hundred years after the suppression of convents, by Thomas Fuller in his *Church History*. "Nunneries," says that quaint writer, "were good she-schools, wherein the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work; and sometimes a little Latin was taught therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them, haply the weaker sex, beside the avoiding modern inconveniences, might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained. That sharpness of their wits and suddenness of their conceits,

"which their enemies must allow unto them, might by education be improved into a judicious solidity, and that adorned with arts which now they want, not because they cannot learn, but are not taught them." It is to be feared that, had the convents been reformed under Henry VIII. in the partial manner here suggested, they would have been spared only to perish by the hands of the historian's own contemporaries. Be this, however, as it may, the passage just cited testifies plainly to the educational vacuum created by their abolition. It illustrates also the contempt felt for female acquirements after the race of learned ladies, which continued through the reign of our maiden queen, had disappeared, and when the knowledge of books, descending from the highest regions of society to those beneath, had become diffused among a considerable portion of the one sex, while, for want of the means of instruction, it remained beyond the reach of all but the fortunate few of the other. Books like Sir Thomas Elyot's "Defence of Good Women" were not written in the seventeenth century.

The rapacious ministers of Edward VI. were more inclined to copy than to atone for the reckless confiscations of the preceding reign. They are accused of appropriating large revenues which had been devoted to purposes of education. Such misdeeds were in part redeemed by the establishment of upwards of a score of free schools which, at the instance of some nobler spirits, received endowments chiefly from the chantry lands. One of these was established in the house of the Grey Friars, in the city of London, which was repaired and fitted up, under the name of Christ's Hospital, for the reception of poor children of both sexes. But, though a grammar school was provided for such of the boys as should be "pregnant and apt to learning," the girls, always it should seem a small minority, were for a long time taught only to read and sew and mark. It is to be observed, however, that this institution was designed exclusively for children of the lowest class.

It was a sinister omen of Mary's reign, that soon after her accession a proclamation was issued for calling in and suppressing the very translation of Erasmus's Paraphrase to which, under better influences, she had herself contributed. This Queen is well known to have cherished the wish of restoring the abbey estates to their former owners. In this she was actuated by a sincere though blind sense of abstract right, rather than by regard to learning or education. She was not, however, indifferent to these objects. Her own attainments, as has been already noticed, were considerable; the ease and correctness with which she addressed foreign ambassadors in Latin excited general admiration. But, while her respect for letters induced her to bestow important benefactions on the universities, her religious bigotry led her to sanction measures which, if carried out, would have inflicted on them far more than countervailing injury. By the advice of Gardiner and Pole, it was determined to revive the study of the schoolmen, and steps were actively taken at Oxford for that purpose. The queen's death, however, prevented the execution of the design, and Mary's reactionary policy gave place to that of her more enlightened as well as more learned sister. Stepping forth from her studious retirement a stateswoman ready formed, Elizabeth made it clear from the first that no priestly influence whatsoever, Catholic or Protestant, would she suffer to draw her from the line of measured progress which her own judgment dictated.

It has been asserted by some that this great queen was a worse pedant than James I.—surely an untenable position. That she was fond of displaying her attainments cannot of course be disputed. From the occasion on which Ascham heard her harangue three foreign ministers, one after another, in as many different languages, down to the day when she "scoured up her old Latin" to the confusion of an insolent Polish envoy, this weakness was apparent. But, if the essence of pedantry is to mistake erudition for wisdom, barren formulas

for fertile principles, the letter which killeth for the spirit which giveth life, then she was as free from this vice as James was enslaved by it. With a sounder judgment, half the reading of that crowned dominie might have helped a man of his unquestionable talent to a kingcraft somewhat more politic than that which involved himself in continual mortifications and brought his son to the block. Far different was the fruit of his predecessor's studies. Endowed by nature with a remarkable aptitude for acquiring languages, she was animated by the spirit of the Emperor Charles V. who said that as often as he learned a new language he felt as if he had got a new soul. Doubtless the pleasure of exercising her linguistic faculty was a spur to Elizabeth's diligence, but she had higher aims than that of merely adding to her verbal wealth. Her instructors observed that in reading the classics she not only divined at a glance the grammatical sense of a passage, but as readily grasped the substance of the argument, and caught the philosophical or political ideas on which it proceeded. This keen insight into the workings of human thought and passion naturally inspired her with a strong taste for history. She pursued this study eagerly both before and after she ascended the throne, giving to it a large portion of the hours which, down to the end of her life, she daily spent in reading. In this way she became so familiar with Thucydides that it was said there was no remark of his on the conduct of states or men which she did not know by heart. She was also versed in divinity, and, as Lord Bacon tells us, set a particular value on the works of St. Augustine. At all times she delighted in the society of accomplished men, and the best scholars of her kingdom were invited to read with and to her. Her intellectual curiosity, indeed, seems to have been universal. As a girl she was taught the physical theories of the day; and, while still princess, she sought the acquaintance of Dr. Dee, famed as a mathematician, astronomer, and professor of occult sciences. Her interest

in this singular man did not cease when she became queen, and we find her at one time sending for him to lecture before her on comets, at others listening to his speculations in natural magic. To these various pursuits she added lighter accomplishments. Poetry and music were cultivated by her, though with unequal success: the verses which she composed from time to time have little merit, but over the lute and the virginals she exercised a sway as absolute as over the sympathies of her people. Nor did she think it beneath her to aim at manual dexterity of a humbler kind. Her fingers were nimble and cunning in embroidery, and her handwriting, like that of Lady Jane Grey, was considered eminently beautiful.

Under this studious sovereign, study became fashionable at Court, even among the giddiest maids of honour. While the queen in her closet was adding to her knowledge of the Attic orators, her attendants were similarly employed in the ante-chamber, or at least in spelling out the verses of the Greek Testament. Besides Greek and Latin, the ladies of the royal train applied themselves to French, Spanish, and Italian. Yet these fair scholars were no formal and insipid bookworms, for some who highly valued their pursuits have strongly censured the freedom of their manners. A more favourable critic has left us a lively picture of the occupations with which this diligent sisterhood filled up their hours of leisure. He sets before us with some minuteness the aspect of the apartments in which the waiting-women are expecting their turn of service. We are first shown the seniors of the party. One is plying her needle, a second spinning silk, a third engaged with the Scriptures or some work of history, while a fourth is composing or translating some grave treatise, probably on a theological subject. From these sober dames we turn to the younger maidens; and, if we find them practising with the lute or other musical instrument, it is to be understood that this is only a recreation permitted in the interval of more serious employments. Not one of the company,

girl or woman, we are assured, but, when she is at home, can help to supply the table with "dainty dishes of her own devising." To crown all, pains are taken at Court to prevent idleness by keeping every office provided with a Bible or the Book of the Acts and Monuments of the Church of England, or both, besides some histories and chronicles, so that a stranger on his entrance would rather imagine himself come into some public school of the universities than into a royal palace.

The influence of this learned Court extended farther than with our modern notions we are apt to imagine. The term courtier has become almost obsolete among us, because the thing it denotes has ceased to exist. There are no persons now-a-days who, unauthorized by office, possess and exercise the privilege of ready access to the royal circle and the sovereign's presence. There were many such persons of both sexes in the reign of Elizabeth, and for a long time afterwards. The consequence was that the tone of the Court was reflected in the upper regions of society to an extent which we can hardly comprehend. We may fairly believe that the pattern set by Elizabeth's household gave a considerable impulse to female education in all those families of the aristocracy which were in the habit of frequenting the metropolis. Perhaps the most perfect specimen of this culture was Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, to whom her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, inscribed his *Arcadia*. Like him, she possessed both learning and poetical genius. As to her attainments, it is sufficient to say that she translated several of the Psalms from the Hebrew into English verse. How highly she was esteemed by her contemporaries appears from those six lines of Ben Jonson, which, so long as the English language lasts, will keep her name familiar as a household word:—

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, when thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

But, though the example of the Court might do much, it could not move the whole mass of the nobility and gentry, much less affect women of inferior rank. At a time when liberal studies were but just making good their footing in the universities, when the majority of the clergy were still grossly ignorant, it is not conceivable that lords of remote manors, busy merchants, or money-getting tradesmen, to say nothing of their wives and daughters, would have acquired much tincture of letters. At such a period, ladies whose lives were passed in the country, or in provincial towns, might have the means and the will to pay for instruction, and yet be unable to find instructors. It was by slow and imperceptible degrees that the rising light overspread the higher levels of the community. In the first half of Elizabeth's reign, education was the exceptional distinction of fortunate individuals; in the second it began to be more equally diffused among both sexes in the upper stratum of society. It may be asked what the Government did to assist this diffusion. When Elizabeth visited Cambridge in 1564, the sight of the colleges founded by her predecessors drew from her the expression of a hope that she too might do something entitling her to remembrance among the benefactors of learning. But the anxieties of her reign, and perhaps also her own parsimonious temper, prevented the fulfilment of her wish. The schools established during the forty-four years of her administration owed their origin in most cases to private munificence. No effort was made in this any more than in the previous reigns, either by the State or by individuals, to provide on a large scale for the instruction of girls. The grammar schools were, either expressly or by custom, confined to boys. Some free schools there were,—Shakespeare calls them "charge-houses"—in which children of both sexes were taught; but these were frequented only by the humbler classes, and the instruction they afforded must have been of the most meagre kind. By the end of the century, the higher ranks seem to have generally

recognised the necessity of some literature for their daughters; and, as the modern ladies' school had not yet taken the place of the nunnery, private tuition was the only resource.

It is noticeable, though not very surprising, that learning showed some signs of declension in the Court just when it began to be general at the universities, and less rare among the clergy. The study of Greek could hardly flourish in such an atmosphere, even when purest and most congenial, without a good deal of forcing. The queen herself, in her latter years, partially relinquished the more ambitious reading of her youth, though she translated one of Plutarch's shorter pieces when past sixty. Her ladies more completely deserted the ancient languages and literature for modern tongues and modern authors. Italian and the Italian poets became especially fashionable. The Orlando and the recently published Jerusalem Delivered were admired and quoted, instead of Plato's Dialogues and Chrysostom's Homilies. Two causes in particular contributed to this result—the fresh blossoming of the national literature, and a certain relaxation in the standard of the current morality. Works of imagination were produced by native authors which favoured the growth of lighter tastes; nor did the tone of the new school of writers, or of their patrons, the wits and gallants of the Court, at all correct this tendency. The chivalrous spirit with which Elizabeth, and her ladies for her sake, had been approached in the former part of her reign, faded away as she advanced in years, and was succeeded by a fashion of hyperbolical compliment. Genuine respect had inspired dames and damsels with the ambition to deserve the homage paid to them by high qualities and solid acquirements. Insincere gallantry brought them down to a lower level of thought and feeling. If there was something overstrained in their passion for Greek learning, this taste was at least more rational than the subsequent rage for Euphuism. The artificial and affected style of discourse so named prevailed to

such an extent, that to be skilled in it became essential to the reputation of a fine lady. The vogue obtained by this "pure and refined English"—so it was considered—is one evidence out of several that a vitiated sentiment was becoming general. Still, the writer who set the ungraceful fashion had so much of real genius and merit, that his disciples were not without some apology for their aberration. So long as Elizabeth lived, the Court of England never descended to blank folly and frivolity. The latter years of her reign produced no female intellect of attainments comparable to those of the queen, nor could it boast any rivals in ancient learning to the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke; but it could furnish a more than respectable list of cultivated women. Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, received her education under her aunt, the Countess of Warwick, principal Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, and the trusted friend of her discerning mistress. The countess seems to have aimed at giving her niece variety of information rather than exact learning. She selected for the young lady's tutor the poet-historian Samuel Daniel, who inspired her with a love of his favourite studies, and a taste for general literature. Dr. Donne is reported to have said of her, during her youth, "that she could converse on any subject, from predestination to *slea-silk*." Two other women of rank deserve mention here, who, born and educated, the one wholly, the other partly, under Elizabeth, became famous and received the

homage of Ben Jonson in the reign of James I. Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, was known, not merely as a woman of elegant taste, but as a Latin scholar skilled in ancient medals. Lady Wroth, by birth a Sidney, inherited the virtues and genius of her race, and produced a poetical romance which, though now forgotten, obtained in its day a considerable reputation.¹

So closes the roll of the learned ladies whom England nurtured in the sixteenth century. As we repeat the names of the better known among them, we do not think chiefly of their learning. We think of the filial love of Margaret Roper, of the winning earnestness of Catharine Parr, of Jane Grey's pure and noble faith, of Mary Tudor's gloomy and fanatical austerity. We think of Anne Bacon as the gifted mother of a supremely-gifted son. We think of Elizabeth as the greatest of female sovereigns. Amidst all their diversity these women had one point of resemblance besides their learning. They had each a strongly-marked and vigorous individuality. The same may be affirmed of nearly all the other ladies mentioned in this essay. According to Pope, "most women have no characters at all." The satirist might have added that few women of his day had any education at all that was deserving of the name. Is it unphilosophical to believe that the rich development of character in the high-bred women of the sixteenth century was due, in great measure, to the amplitude and robustness of their studies?

L. B. S.

¹ It was entitled "Urania."

ON THE NILE.

A LETTER FROM LADY DUFF-GORDON.

THEBES, 25th Dec. 1865.

I wish you, "May all the year be good to thee," as we say here—and now for my history. We left Cairo on the 5th of December. I was not well. No

wind as usual, and we were a week getting to Braisonef, where the Stam-boulie Greek lady who was so kind to me last summer in my illness came on board with a well-bred Arab lady. I

was in bed, and only stayed a few hours. On to Miaieh another five or six days—walked about and saw the preparations for the Basha's arrival. Nothing so flat as these affairs here. Not a creature went near the landing-place but his own servants, soldiers, and officials. I thought of the arrival of the smallest of German princes, which makes ten times the noise. Next to Sioot. Ill again, and did not land or see any one. On to Girgeh, where we only stayed long enough to deliver money and presents which I had been begged to take for some old sailors of mine to their mothers and wives there.

Between Sioot and Girgeh an Abyssinian slave came and wanted me to steal him; he said his master was a Copt, and ill-used him, and the lady beat him: but Omar sagely observed to the sailors, who were very anxious to take him, that a bad master did not give his slave such good clothes and even a pair of shoes—*quel luxe!*—and that he made too much of his master being a Copt: no doubt he was a lazy fellow, and perhaps had run away with other property besides himself. Soon after I was sitting right on the pointed bow of the boat, with the Reis, who was sounding with his painted pole (*vide* antique sculptures and paintings) and the men towing, when suddenly something rose to the surface close to us: the men cried out "*Beni Adam!*" and the Reis prayed for the dead. It was a woman: the silver bracelets glittered on the arms raised and stiffened in the agony of death, the knees were drawn up, and the beautiful Egyptian breasts floated above the water. I shall never forget the horrid sight. "God have mercy on her," prayed my men, and the Reis added to me, "Let us also pray for her father, poor man; you see, no robber has done this [on account of the bracelets]." "We are in the Saced now, and most likely she has blackened her father's face, and he has been forced to strangle her, poor man." I said, "Alas!" and the Reis continued, "Ah, yes, it is a heavy thing, but a man must whiten his face. Poor man! poor man! God

"have mercy upon him." Such is Sacedee point of honour. However, it turned out that she was drowned bathing.

Above Girgeh we stopped awhile at Dishné, a large village. I strolled alone, *les mains dans les poches*, "*sic ut meus est mos*;" and was soon accosted with an invitation to coffee and pipes in the strangers' place, a sort of room open on one side, with a column in the middle, like two arches of a cloister, and which in all the villages is close to the mosque: two or three cloaks were pulled off and spread on the ground for me to set on, and the milk which I asked for, instead of the village coffee, brought. In a minute a dozen men came and sat round, and asked as usual, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?" and my gloves, watch, rings, &c. are handed round and examined; the gloves always call forth many "Mashallahs." I said, "I come from the Frank country, and am going to my place near Abu 'l Haggag." Hereupon every one touched my hand and said, "Praise be to God that we have seen thee. Don't go on; stay here and take 100 feddans of land and remain here." I laughed and asked, "Should I wear the zaboot (brown shirt) and the libdeh, and work in the field, seeing there is no man with me?" There was much laughing, and then several stories of women who had farmed large properties well and successfully. Such undertakings on the part of women seem quite as common here as in Europe, and more than in England.

I took leave of my new friends who had given me the first welcome home to the Saced, and we went on to Keneh, which we reached early in the morning, and I found my well-known donkey-boys putting my saddle on. The father of one, and the two brothers of the other, were gone to work on the railway for sixty days' forced labour, taking their own bread, and the poor little fellows were left alone to take care of the hareem. As soon as we reached the town, a couple of tall young soldiers in the Nizam uniform rushed after me, and

greeted me in English: they were Luxor lads serving their time. Of course they attached themselves to us for the remainder of the day. We then bought water jars (the *specialité* of Keneh), gullehs, and zeers; and went on to the Cadi's house to leave a little string of beads, just to show that I had not forgotten the worthy Cadi's courtesy in bringing his little daughter to sit beside me at dinner when I went down the river last summer. I saw the Cadi giving audience to several people, so I sent in the beads and my salaam; but the jolly Cadi sallied forth into the street, and "fell upon my neck" with such ardour that my Frankish hat was sent rolling by contact with the turban of Islam. The Cadi of Keneh is the real original Cadi of our early days; sleek, rubicund, polite—a puiſne judge and a dean rolled into one, combining the amenities of the law and the church; with an orthodox stomach and an orthodox turban, both round and stately. I was taken into the harem, welcomed and regaled, and invited to the festival of Seyd abd er Racheem, the great saint of Keneh. I hesitated, and said there were great crowds, and some might be offended at my presence; but the Cadi declared "by Him who separated us," that if any such ignorant persons were present, it was high time they learnt better, and said that it was by no means unlawful for virtuous Christians, and such as neither hated nor scorned the Muslimeen, to profit by, or share in, their prayers, and that I should sit before the Sheykh's tomb with him and the Mufti; and that, *du reste*, they wished to give thanks for my safe arrival. Such a demonstration of tolerance was not to be resisted. So after going back to rest and dining in the boat, I returned at nightfall into the town and went to the burial place. The whole way was lighted up and thronged with the most motley crowd, and the usual mixture of holy and profane, which we know at the Catholic fêtes also; but more *prononcé* here. Dancing girls, glittering with gold brocade and coins, swaggered about among the brown-

shirted fellaheen, and the profane singing of the Alateeyeh mingled with the songs in honour of the Arab prophet chanted by the moonshids and the deep tones of the "Allah Allah" of the zickers. Rockets whizzed about and made the women screech, and a merry-go-round was in full swing. And now fancy me clinging to the skirts of the Cadi ul Islam (who did not wear a spencer, as the Methodist parson threatened his congregation he would do at the Day of Judgment) and pushing into the tomb of the Seyd abd er Racheem, through such a throng. No one seemed offended or even surprised. (I suppose my face is so well known at Keneh.) When my party had said a *faltah* for me and another for my family we retired to another Kubbbeh, where there was no tomb, and where we found the Mufti, and sat there all the evening over coffee and pipes and talk. I was questioned about English administration of justice, and made to describe the process of trial by jury. The Mufti is a very dignified gentlemanly man, and extremely kind and civil. The Cadi pressed me to stay next day and dine with him and the Mufti, but I said I had a lantern for Luxor, and I wanted to arrive before the Moolid, or festival, was over, and only three days remained. So the Cadi accompanied me back to the boat, looked at my maps, which pleased him very much, traced out the line of the railway as he had heard it, and had tea.

Next morning we had the first good wind, and bowled up to Luxor in one day, arriving just after sunset. Instantly the boat was filled. Of course Omar and the Reis at once organized a procession to take me and my lantern to the tomb of Abu'l Haggag—it was the last night but one of his Moolid. The lantern was borne between two of my sailors; and the rest, reinforced by men from a steamer which was there with a Prussian prince, sung and thumped the Darabookkeh, and we all marched up after I had undergone every variety of salutation, from Sheykh Yussuf's embrace to the little boys' kissing of hands. The first thing I

heard was the hearty voice of the old Shereef, who praised God that "our darling" was safe back again, and then we all sat down for a talk; then more *faltahs* for me, and for you, and for the children; and I went back to bed in my own boat. I found that the guard of the French house had been taken off to Keneh to the works, after lying eight days in chains and wooden handcuffs, for resisting, and claiming his rights as a French protégé. So we waited for his return, and for the keys, which he had taken with him, in hopes that the Keneh authorities would not care to keep me out of the house. I wrote to the French Consular agent at Keneh, and to the Consul at Alexandria, and got the man back the third day. What would you think in Europe to see me welcome with enthusiasm a servant just out of chains and handcuffs? At the very moment, too, that Mohammed and I were talking, a boat passed up the river with music and singing on board. It was a Sheykh el Behad, of a place above Esneh, who had lain in prison three years in Cairo, and whose friends were making all the fantasia they could to celebrate the end of his *misfortune*: of *disgrace*, *il n'en est pas question*; and why should it? So many honest men go to prison that it is no presumption at all against a man.

I dined with the Maohn, whose wife cooked me the best dinner I ever ate in this country, or almost anywhere. Marie, who was invited, rejoiced the kind old lady's heart by her Belgian appreciation of the excellent cookery. "Eat, my daughter, eat,"—and even I managed to give satisfaction. Such Bakloweh I never tasted. We removed to the house yesterday, and I have had company ever since.

I was delighted to get your letter, which arrived on New Year's-day in the midst of the hubbub of the great festival in honour of the Saint of Luxor. I wish you could have seen two young Arabs (real Arabs from the Hegaz, in Arabia), ride and play with spears and lances. I never saw anything like it—

a man who played the tom-fool stood in the middle, and they galloped round and round him with their spears crossed, and the points resting on the ground, in so small a circle that his clothes whisked round with the wind of the horses' legs. Then they threw jereeds and caught them as they galloped: but the most beautiful thing was the perfect mastery of the horses; they were "like water in their hands," as Sheykh Hassan remarked. I perceived I had never seen *real* horsemanship in my life before.

I am now in "the palace" at Luxor with my Databieh, "*arouset e ralee*" (the Darling Bride), under my windows; quite like a Basha. You would like the little boat, and neat smart little captain, Reis Mohammed. I have some black friends here, great Sheykhs of the Ababdeh, who want to take me up to Khartoom, but it would cost about £50: so, with great self-denial, I have refused. Sheykh Alee, a very agreeable man from beyond Khartoom, has a *takhterawan*—a litter carried between two camels, and could take me comfortably—I should like to go and see the black country—Mustafa Aga, and Sheykh Yussuf would go, and a troop of the Ababdeh. Sheykh Alee is so clever and well-bred that I should enjoy it much, and the climate at this season is delightful. He has been in the Durkah country, where the men are a cubit taller than Sheykh Hassan, whom you know, and who inquired tenderly after you. You remember the Durkah slave girl who was three inches taller than you.

In coming up the Nile, we had an alarm of robbers. Under the mountain called Gebel Foodah, we were entangled in shoals, owing to a change in the bed of the river, and forced to stay all night: and at three in the morning, the Reis sent in the boy to say that he had seen a man creeping on all fours—would I fire my pistol? As my revolver had been stolen in Alexandria, I was obliged to beg him to receive any possible troop of armed robbers very civilly, and to let them take what they

pleased. However, Omar blazed away with your old cavalry pistols (which had no bullets) and whether the robbers were frightened, or the man was only a wolf, we heard no more of the affair. My crew were horribly frightened, and kept awake till daybreak.

The last night before reaching Keneh, the town forty miles north of Luxor, my men held a grand fantasia on the bank. There was no wind, and we found a lot of old maize stalks ; so there was a bonfire, and no end of drumming, singing, and dancing. Even Omar relaxed his dignity so far as to dance the dance of the Alexandria young men ; and very funny it all was. I laughed excessively ; especially at the modest airs and graces of a great lubberly fellow—one Hezayin, who acted the bride, in a representation of a Nubian wedding festivity. The new song of this year is very pretty—a declaration of love to a young Mohammed, sung to a very pretty tune. There is another, rather like the air “Di Provenza al mar,” in the “Traviata,” with extremely pretty words. As in England, every year has its new song, which all the boys sing about the streets.

Now let me describe the state of things. From the Moudeeriat of Keneh only, 25,000 men are taken to work for sixty days without food or pay : each man must take his own basket, and each third man a hoe, not a basket. If you want to pay a substitute for a beloved or delicate son, it costs 1,000 piastres—600 at the lowest ; 800, or even 1,000 in many cases ; and about 300 to 400 for his food. From Luxor only, 220 men are gone ; of whom a third will very likely die of exposure to cold and misery (the weather is unusually cold). That is to say, that this little village, of at most 2,000 souls, male and female (we don't usually count women, from decorum), will pay in labour at least £1,320 in sixty days. We have also already had eleven camels seized to go up to the Goadun ; a camel is worth from £18 to £40. Remember this is the second levy of 220 men within six months, each for sixty days,

as well as the second seizure of camels ; besides the conscription, which serves the same purpose, as the soldiers work on the Basha's works. The little district of Koos, including Luxor, has been mulcted of camels, food for them and drivers, to the amount of 6,000 purses last week—£18,000. I cast up the amount, and it tallied with what I heard. But in Cairo they are paid, and well paid. Wheat is now 400 piastres the ardebb up here ; the little loaf, not quite so big as our penny roll, costs a piastre—about three-halfpence. I need not say what the misery is. The discontent is no longer whispered. Every one talks aloud, and well they may.

It is curious how news travels here. The people at Luxor knew the day I left Alexandria, and the day I left Cairo, long before I came. They say here that Abu 'l Haggag gave me his hand from Keneh, because he would not finish his moolid without me. I am supposed to be specially protected by him, as is proved by my health being so far better here than anywhere else.

By the bye, Sheykh Alee Ababdeh told me that all the villages *close* on the Nile escaped the cholera almost completely, while those who were half or a quarter of a mile inland were ravaged. At Keneh 250 a day died ; at Luxor one child was supposed to have died of it, but I know the child had diseased liver for a year or more. In the desert the Bishareen and Abadeh suffered more than Cairo, and you know the desert is usually the place of perfect health ; but fresh Nile water seems to be the antidote. Sheykh Yussuf laid the mortality at Keneh to the canal water, which the poor people drink there. I believe the fact is as Sheykh Alee told me.

Shall I tell you what became of the hundred prisoners who were sent after the Gow business ? As they marched through the desert the Greek memlook looked at his list each morning, and said, “Hoseyn Achmet Foolan (like the Spanish Don Fulano—so and so) you are free ; take off his chains.” Well, the

three or four men drop behind, where some arnouts strangle them out of sight. That is banishment to Farzogh. Do you remember "*Le citoyen est elargé*" of the September massacres of Paris? Curious coincidence, is it not? Of the end of Haggæ Sultan I will not speak till I have absolute certainty, but I believe the proceeding was as I have described—set free in the desert and murdered by the way. Every one is exasperated; the very hareem talk of it; it is in the air. I had not been five minutes in some of the villages up the Nile before I knew this and much more.

Now I will say good bye, for I am very tired, and will write anon to the rest. I was very poorly till I got above Sioot, and then gradually mended. I am very weak and very thin, but by the protection of Abu 'l Haggag I suppose I am already much better, and begin to eat again. I have not been out since the first day, having much to do in the house. I was very dreary on Christmas

day away from you all, and Omar's plum-pudding did not cheer me at all, as he hoped it would. He begs me to kiss your hand for him, and every one sends you salaam, and all lament you are not the new consul at Kebeer.

15th Jan. 1866.

Poor Omar is still very unwell; he has had dysentery ever since last June. I have now taken him seriously in hand with a course of medicine and vigorous diet, and he seems already much better; but I have been quite uneasy about him, he is so wasted.

If the saddle comes, as I hope, I may very likely go up to Assouan, and leave the boat and servants, and go into the desert for a few days to see the place of the Bishareen. They won't take any one else; but you may be quite easy about me "in the face" of a Sheykh el Arab. Handsome Sheykh Hassan, whom you saw at Cairo, will go with me. But if my saddle does not come I fear I should be too tired with riding a camel.

PAN.

PLAYED upon the pan-pipe

Goat-footed Pan:

Played upon the pan-pipe

Goat-horned Pan:

Played upon the pan-pipe

Goat-minded Pan:

Until the world, the whole world

In rapture round him ran.

There danced the stars around him,

There danced the sun and moon;

Ever, ever keeping measure

To the pan-pipe's woodland tune.

The pipe became earth's axis,

Its length the wide-world's span,

But still continued fluting

The Arcadian's wanton Pan.

And ever and for ever

He breathes the self-same tune:

And ever and for ever

Swell the seas beneath the moon:

And ever and for ever
Circles in heaven the sun ;
And ever from the cloud-kissed hills
The unfailing fountains run :
Ever are dark Lyceus' groves,
Its woodlands fresh and green :
And ever for the rustic loves
Are summer leaves a screen.

For there the piper hunteth
Across the morning dew :
And there the piper batheth
In the deep mere-waters blue :
And there the piper sleepeth
Through the hot and weary noon :
But ever, ever keepeth
Its course that woodland tune.

For though dear Pan, the hunter,
May sleep beneath the shade,
Dread Pan, the great Creator,
Can ne'er in rest be laid.
For were that song to falter,
To faint, to die away,
Woe, speechless woe, if must be so,
For such as feel that day.

The stars from heaven would fall,
Together shrink the sky :
And earth, the mother of us all,
In formless ashes lie.
No voice of lamentation
That fearful day would wail,
When out of wide creation
Life, light, and joy must fail.

The gods themselves would perish,
Would ne'er to life return,
If he, who must them cherish,
Once cease with love to yearn.
Therefore he ever pipeth,
Through ages, years, and days,
Unwearingly, unchangingly
That endless lay of lays.

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHAT is lovelier, just when Autumn throws her lace around us, and begs us not to begin to think of any spiteful winter, because she has not yet unfolded half the wealth of her bosom, and will not look over her shoulder—when we take that rich one gaily for her gifts of beauty; what among her clustered hair, freshened with the hoar frost in imitation of the Spring (all fashions do recur so), tell us what can be more pretty, pearly, light, and elegant, more memoried of maidenhood, than a jolly spider's web?

See how the diamonds quiver and sparkle in the September morning; what jeweller could have set them so? All of graduated light and metrical proportion, every third pre-eminent, strung on soft aerial tension, as of woven hoar-frost, and every carrying thread encrusted with the breath of fairies, then crossed and latticed at just angles, with narrowing interstices, to a radiated octagon—the more we look, the more we wonder at the perfect tracery. Then, if we gently breathe upon it, or a leaf of the bramble shivers, how from the open centre a whiff of waving motion flows down every vibrant radius, every weft accepts the waft slowly and lulling vibration, every stay-rope jerks and quivers, and all the fleeting subtilty expands, contracts, and undulates.

Yet if an elegant spider glide out, exquisite, many-dappled, pellucid like a Scotch pebble or a calceolaria, with a dozen dimples upon his back, and eight fierce eyes all up for business, the moment he slips from the blackberry leaf all sense of beauty is lost to the gazer, because he thinks of rapacity.

And so, I fear, John Rosedew's hat described in the air a flourish of more courtesy than cordiality, when he saw Mrs. Corklemore gliding forth from

the bend of the road in front of him. Although she had left the house after him, by the help of a short cut through the gardens, where the rector would no longer take the liberty of trespassing, she contrived to meet him as if herself returning from the village.

"Oh, Mr. Rosedew, I am so glad to see you," cried Georgie, as he tried to escape with his bow: "what a fortunate accident!"

"Indeed!" said John, not meaning to be rude, but unwittingly suggesting a modified view of the bliss.

"Ah, I am so sorry; but you are prejudiced against me, I fear, because my simple convictions incline me to the Low Church view."

That hit was a very clever one. No other bolt she could have shot would have brought the parson to bay so, upon his homeward road, with the important news he bore.

"I assure you, Mrs. Corklemore, I beg to assure you most distinctly, that you are quite wrong in thinking that. Most truly I hope that I have allowed no prejudice, upon such grounds, to dwell for a moment with me."

"Then you are not a ritualist? And you think, so far as I understand you, that the Low Church people are quite as good as the High Church?"

"I hope they are as good; still I doubt their being as right. But charity is greater even than faith and hope. And, for the sake of charity, I would wash all rubrics white. If the living are rebuked for lagging to bury their dead, how shall they be praised for battling over the Burial Service?"

Mrs. Corklemore, quick as she was, did not understand the allusion. Mr. Rosedew referred to a paltry dissension over a corpse in Oxfordshire, which had created strong disgust, far and near, among believers; while infidels gloried

in it. It cannot be too soon forgotten and forgiven.

"Oh, Mr. Rosedew, I am so glad that your sentiments are so liberal. I had always feared that liberal sentiments proceeded from, or at least were associated with, weak faith."

"I hope not, madam. The most liberal One I have ever read of was God as well as man. But I cannot speak of such matters casually, as I would talk of the weather. If your mind is uneasy, and I can in any way help you, it is my duty to do so."

"Oh, thank you. No; I don't think I could do that. We are such Protestants at Coe Nest. Forgive me, I see I have hurt you."

"You misunderstand me purposely," said John Rosedew, with that crack of perception which comes (like a chapped lip) suddenly to folks who are too charitable, "or else you take a strangely intensified view of the simplest matters. All I intended was—"

"Oh yes, oh yes, I am always misunderstanding everybody. I am so dreadfully stupid and simple. But you *will* relieve my mind, Mr. Rosedew?"

Here Georgie held out the most beautiful hand that ever darned a dish-cloth, so white, and warm, and dainty, from her glove and pink muff-lining. Mr. Rosedew, of course, was compelled to take it, and she left it a long time with him.

"To be sure I will, if it is in my power, and you will only tell me how."

"It is simply this," she answered meekly, dropping her eyes, and sighing; "I do so long to do good works, and never can tell how to set about it. Unhappily, I am brought so much more into contact with the worldly-minded, than with those who would improve me, and I feel the lack of something, something sadly deficient in my spiritual state. Could you assign me a district anywhere? I am sadly ignorant, but I might do some little ministering, feeling as I do for every one. If it were only ten cottages, with an interesting sheep-stealer! Oh, that would be so charming. Can I have a sheep-stealer?"

"I fear I cannot accommodate you"—the parson was smiling in spite of himself, she looked so beautifully earnest; "we have no felons here, and scarcely even a hen-stealer. Though I must not take any credit for that. Every house in the village is Sir Craddock Nowell's, and Mr. Garnet is not long in ousting the evil-doers."

"Oh, Sir Craddock; poor Sir Craddock!" Here she came to the real object of her expedition. "Oh, Mr. Rosedew, tell me kindly, as a Christian minister; I am in so difficult a position,—have you noticed in poor Sir Craddock anything strange of late, anything odd and lamentable?"

Mr. Rosedew hated to be called a "minister,"—the Dissenters love the word so, and even the great John had his weaknesses.

"I trust I should tell you the truth, Mrs. Corklemore, whether invoked as a minister, or asked simply as a man."

"No doubt you would—of course you would. I am always making such mistakes. I am so unused to clever people. But do tell me, in any capacity which may suit you best"—it was foolish of her not to forego that little repartee—"whether you have observed of late anything odd and deplorable, anything we who love him so——" Here she hesitated, and wiped her eyes.

"Though Sir Craddock Nowell," replied Mr. Rosedew slowly, and buttoning up his coat at the risk of spoiling his cock's-comb frill, "is no longer my dearest friend, as he was for nearly fifty years, it does not become me to speak about him confidentially and disparagingly to a lady whom I have not had the honour of seeing more than four times, including therein the celebration of Divine service, at which a district-visitor should attend with *some* regularity, if only for the sake of example. Mrs. Corklemore, I have the honour of wishing you good morning."

Although the parson had neither desire nor power to pierce the lady's schemes, he felt, by that peculiar instinct which truly honest men have (though they do not always use it), that the lady was dishonest, and dishonestly seeking something. Else had he never uttered

a speech so unlike his usual courtesy. As for poor simple Georgie, she was rolled over too completely to do anything but gasp. Then she went to the gorse to recover herself; and presently she laughed, not spitefully, but with real amusement at her own discomfiture.

Being quite a young woman still, and therefore not *spe longa*, and feeling a want of sympathy in waiting for dead men's shoes, Mrs. Corklemore, who had some genius—if creative power prove it; if *gignere*, not *gigni*, be taken as the test, though perhaps it requires both of them,—that sweet mother of a sweeter child (if so much of the saccharine be admitted by our Chancellor of the Exchequer, himself a man of more alcohol), what did she do but devise a scheme to wear the shoes, *ipso viro*, and put the old gentleman into the slippers.

How very desirable it was that Nowelhurst Hall, and those vast estates, should be in the possession of some one who knew how to enjoy them, and make a proper use of them! Poor Sir Cradock never could do so; it was painfully evident that he never more could discharge his duties to society, that he was listless, passive, somnolent,—sommambulant perhaps she ought to say, a man walking in a dream. She had heard of cases,—more than that, she had actually known them,—sad cases in which that pressure on the brain, which so frequently accompanies the slow reaction from sudden and terrible trials, had crushed the reason altogether, especially after a “certain age.” What a pity! And it might be twenty years yet before it pleased God to remove him. He had a tough and wiry look about him. In common kindness and humanity, something surely ought to be done to relieve him, to make him happier.

Nothing rough, of course; nothing harsh or coercive. No personal restraint whatever, for the poor old dear was not dangerous; only to make him what she believed was called a “Committee in Chancery”—there she was wrong, for the guardian is the Committee—and then Mr. Corklemore, of course, and Mr. Kettledrum would act

for him. At least she should think so, unless there was some obnoxious trustee, under his marriage-settlement. That settlement must be got at; so much depended upon it. Probably young Cradock would succeed thereunder to all the settled estate upon his father's death. If so, there was nothing for it, except to make him incapable, by convicting him of felony. Poor fellow! She had no wish to hang him. She would not have it done for the world; and she had heard he was so good-looking. But there was no fear of his being hanged, like the son of a tradesman or peasant.

Well, when he was transported for life, with every facility for repentance, who would be the next to come bothering? Why, that odious Eoa. As for her, she would hang her to-morrow, if she could only get the chance. Though she believed it would never hurt her; for the child could stand upon nothing. Impudent wretch! Only yesterday she had frightened Georgie out of her life again. And there was no possibility of obtaining a proper influence over her. There was hardly any crime which that girl would hesitate at, when excited. What a lamentable state of morality! She might be made to choke Amy Rose-dew, her rival in Bob's affection. But no, that would never do. Too much crime in one family. How would society look upon them? And it would make the house unpleasant to live in. There was a simpler way of quenching Eoa—deny at once her legitimacy. The chances were ten to one against her having been born in wedlock—such a loose, wild man as her father was. And even if she had been, why the chances were ten to one against her being able to prove it. Whereas it would be very easy to get a few Hindoos, or Coolies, or whatever they were, to state their opinion about her mother.

Well, supposing all this nicely managed, what next? Why, let poor Sir Cradock live out his time, as he would be in her hands entirely, and would grow more and more incapable; and when it pleased God to release him,

why then, "thou and Ziba divide the land," and for the sake of her dear little Flore, she would take good care that the Kettledrums did not get too much.

This programme was a far bolder one than that with which Mrs. Corklemore had first arrived at the Hall. But she was getting on so well, that of course her views and desires expanded. All she meant at first was to gain influence over her host, and irrevocably estrange him from his surviving son, by delicate insinuations upon the subject of fratricide; at the same time to make Eoa do something beyond forgiveness, and then to confide the reward of virtue to obituary gratitude. Could anything be more innocent, perhaps we should say more laudable? What man of us has not the privilege of knowing a dozen Christian mothers, who would do things of noble enterprise for the sake of their little darlings?

But now, upon the broader gauge which the lady had selected, there were two things to be done, ere ever the train got to the switches. One was, to scatter right and left, behind and before, and up and down, wonder, hesitancy, expectation, interrogation, commiseration, and every other sort of whisper, confidential, suggestive, cumulative, as to poor Sir Craddock's condition. The other thing was to find out the effect in the main of his marriage-settlement. And this was by far the more difficult.

Already Mrs. Corklemore had done a little business, without leaving a tongue-print behind her, in the distributory process; and if Mr. Rosedew could just have been brought, after that rude dismissal, to say that he had indeed observed sad eccentricity, growing strangeness, on the part of his ancient friend, why then he would be committed to a line of most telling evidence, and the parish half-bound to approval.

But John's high sense of honour, and low dislike of Georgie, had saved him from the neat, and neatly-baited, trap.

That morning Mr. Rosedew's path was beset with beauty, though his daughter failed to meet him; inasmuch as she very naturally awaited him on

the parish road. When he had left the chace, and was fetching a compass by the river, along a quiet footway, elbowed like an old oak-branch, overlapped with scraggy hawthorns, paved on either side with good intention of primroses, there, just in a nested bend where the bank overhangs the stream, and you would like to lie flat and flip in a trout fly about the end of April, over the water came lightly bounding, and on a mossy bank alighted, young Eoa Nowell.

"To and fro, that's the way I go; don't you see, Uncle John, I must; only the water is so narrow. It scarcely keeps me in practice."

"Then your standard, my dear, must be very high. I should have thought twice about that jump, in my very best days!"

"You indeed!" said Eoa, with the most complacent contempt; eyeing the parson's thick-set figure and anterior development.

"Nevertheless," replied John, with a laugh, "it is but seven and forty years since I won first prize at Sherborn, both for the long leap and the high leap; and proud enough I was, Eoa, of sixteen feet four inches. But I should have had no chance, that's certain, if you had entered for the stakes."

"But how could I be there, Uncle John, don't you see, thirty years before I was born?"

"My dear, I am quite prepared to admit the validity of your excuse. Tyrio cothurno! child, what have you got on?"

"Oh, I found them in an old cupboard, with tops, and whips, and whistles; and I made Mother Biddy take them in at the ankle, because I do hate needles so. And I wear them, not on account of the dirt, but because people in this country are so nasty and particular; and now they can't say a word against me. That's one comfort, at any rate."

She wore a smart pair of poor Clayton's vamplets, and a dark morning-frock drawn tightly in, with a little of the skirt tucked up, and a black felt hat with an ostrich feather, and her masses

of hair rolled closely. As the bright colour shone in her cheeks, and the heartlight outsparkled the sun in her eyes, John Rosedew thought that he had never seen such a wildly beautiful, and yet perfectly innocent, creature.

"Well, I don't know," he answered very gravely, "about your gaiters proving a Palladium against calumny. But one thing is certain, Eoa, your face will, to all who look at you. But why don't you ride, my dear child, if you must have such rapid exercise?"

"Because they won't let me get up the proper way on a horse. Me to sit cramped up between two horns, as if a horse was a cow! Me, who can stand on the back of a horse going at full gallop! But it doesn't matter now much. Nobody seems to like me for it."

She spoke in so wistful and sad a tone, and cast down her eyes so bashfully, that the old man, who loved her heartily, longed to know what the matter was.

"Nobody likes you, Eoa! Why, everybody likes you. You are stealing everybody's heart. My Amy would be quite jealous, only she likes you so much herself."

"I am sure, I have more cause to be jealous of her. Some people like me, I know, very much; but not the people I want to do it."

"Oh then you don't want us to do it. What harm have we done, Eoa?"

"You don't understand me at all, Uncle John. And perhaps you don't want to do it. And yet I did think that you ought to know, as the clergyman of the parish. But I never seem to have right ideas of anything in this country!"

"Tell me, my dear," said Mr. Rosedew, taking her hand, and speaking softly, for he saw two great tears stealing out from the dark shadow of her lashes, and rolling down the cheeks that had been so bright but a minute ago; "tell me, as if you were my own daughter, what vexes your pure heart so. Very likely I can help you, and I will promise to tell no one."

"Oh no, Uncle John, you never can

help me. Nobody in the world can help me. But do you think that you ought to know?"

"That depends upon the subject, my dear. Not if it is a family-secret, or otherwise out of my province. But if it is anything with which I have to deal, or which I understand——"

"Oh yes, oh yes! Because you manage, you manage all—all the banns of matrimony."

This last word was whispered with such a sob of despairing tantalization, that John, although he was very sorry, could scarcely keep from laughing.

"You need not laugh, Uncle John. You wouldn't if you were in my place, or could at all understand the facts of it. And as for its being a family-secret, ever so many people know it, and I don't care two pence who knows it now."

"Then let me know it, my child. Perhaps an old man can advise you."

The child of the East looked up at him, with a mist of softness moving through the brilliance of her eyes, and spake these unromantic words:—

"It is that I do like Bob so; and he doesn't care one bit for me."

She looked at the parson, as much as to say, "What do you think of that now? I am not at all ashamed of it." And then she stooped for a primrose bud, and put it into his button-hole, and then she burst out crying.

"Upon my word," said John, "upon my word, this is too bad of you, Eoa."

"Oh yes, I know all that; and I say it to myself ever so many times. But it seems to make no difference. You can't understand, of course, Uncle John, any more than you could jump the river. But I do assure you that sometimes it makes me feel quite desperate. And yet all the time I know how excessively foolish I am. And then I try to argue, but it seems to hurt me here. And then I try not to think of it, but it will come back again, and I am even glad to have it. And then I begin to pity myself, and to be angry with every one else; and after that I get better and whistle a tune, and go jumping. Only I take care not to see him."

"There you are quite right, my dear: and I would strongly recommend you not to see him for a month."

"As if that could make any difference! And he would go and have somebody else. And then I should kill them both."

"Well done, Oriental! Now, will you be guided by me, my dear? I have seen a great deal of the world."

"Yes, no doubt you have, Uncle John. And you are welcome to say just what you like; only don't advise me what I don't like; but tell the truth exactly."

"Then what I say is this, Eoa: keep away from him altogether—don't allow him to see you, even when he wishes it, for a month at least. Hold yourself far above him. He will begin to think of you more and more. Why, you are ten times too good for him. There is not a man in England who might not be proud of you, Eoa, when you have learned a little dignity." Somehow or other none of the Rosedews appreciated the Garnets.

"Yes, I dare say; but don't you see, I don't want him to be proud of me. I only want him to like me. And I do hate being dignified."

"If you want him to like you, do just what I have advised."

"So I will, Uncle John. Kiss me now, to make it up. Oh you are such a dear!—don't you think a week would do now?"

CHAPTER I.

At high noon of a bright cold day in the early part of March, a labourer who had been "frithing," that is to say, cutting underwood in one of the forest copses, came out into the green track, which could scarce be called a "lane," to eat his well-earned dinner. As it happened to be a Monday, the poor man had a better dinner than he would see or smell again, until the following Sunday. For there, as all over England, a working man, receiving his wages on the Saturday evening, lives upon a sliding scale

throughout the dreary week. He has his bit of hot on Sunday, smacking his lips at every morsel; and who shall scold him for staying at home to see it duly boiled, and feeling his heart move with the steaming and savoury pot-lid more kindly than with the dry parson? And he wants his old woman 'long of him; he see her so little all the week, and she be always best-tempered on Sundays. Let the young uns go to school to get larning—though he don't much see the use of it, and his father lived happy without it—bating that matter, which is beyond him, let them go, and then hear parson, and bring home the news to the old folk. Only let 'em come home good time for dinner, or they had best look out. "Now, Molly, lift the pot-lid again. Oh, it do smell so good! Got ever another onion?"

Having held high feast on Sunday, and thanked the Lord, without knowing it (by inhaling happiness, and being good to the children—our Lord's especial favourites), off he sets on the Monday morning, to earn another eightpence—twopence apiece for the young uns. And he means to be jolly that day, for he has got his pinch of tobacco and two lucifers in his waistcoat pocket, and in his frail a most glorious dinner hanging from a hedge-stake. All the dogs he meets jump up on his back; but he really cannot encourage them, with his own dog so fond of bones, and having the first right to them. Of course, his own dog is not far behind; for it is a law of nature, admitting no exception, that the poorer a man is, the more certain he is to have a dog, and the more certain that dog is to admire him.

Premitting the dog, important as he is, let us ask of the master's dinner. He has a great hunk of cold bacon, from the cabbage-soup of yesterday, with three short bones to keep it together, and a cross junk from the clod of beef (out of the same great pot) which he will put up a tree for Tuesday; because, if it had been left at home, mother couldn't keep it from the children; who do scarce a stroke of work

yet, and only get strong victuals to console them for school upon Sundays. Then upon Wednesday our noble peasant of this merry England will have come down to the scraping of bones; on Thursday he may get bread and dripping from some rich man's house; on Friday and Saturday nothing but bread, unless there be cold potatoes. And he will not have fed in this fat rich manner unless he be a good workman, a hater of public-houses, and his wife a tidy body.

Now this labourer who came out of the copse, with a fine appetite for his Monday's dinner (for he had not been 'spreeing' on Sunday), was no other than Jem—not Jem Pottles of course, but the Jem who fell from the oak-branch, and must have been killed or terribly hurt but for Cradock Nowell's quickness. Everybody called him "Jem," except those who called him "father;" and his patronymic, not being important, may as well continue latent. Now why could not Jem enjoy his dinner more thoroughly in the copse itself, where the witheys were gloved with silver and gold, and the primroses and the violets bloomed, and the first of the wood-anemones began to star the dead ash-leaves? In the first place, because in the timber-track happen he might see somebody just to give "good day" to; the chances were against it in such a lonesome place, still it might so happen; and a man who has been six hours at work in the deep recesses of a wood, with only birds and rabbits moving, is liable to a gregarious weakness, especially at feeding-time. Furthermore, this particular copse had earned a very bad name. It was said to be the harbourage of a white and lonesome ghost, a ghost with no consideration for embodied feelings, but apt to walk in the afternoon, in the glimpses of wooded sunshine. Therefore Jem was very uneasy at having to work alone there, and very angry with his mate for having that day abandoned him. And but that his dread of Mr. Garnet was more than supernatural, he would have wiped his bill-hook then and there, and gone all

the way to the public-house to fetch back that mate for company.

Pondering thus, he followed the green track as far as the corner of the coppice hedge, and then he sat down on a mossy log, and began to chew more pleasantly. He had washed his hands at a little spring, and gathered a bit of water-cress, and fixed his square of cold bacon cleverly into a mighty hunk of brown bread, like a whetstone in its socket; and truly it would have whetted any plain man's appetite to see the way he sliced it, and the intense appreciation.

With his mighty clasp-knife (straight, not curved like a gardener's) he cut little streaky slips along, and laid each on a good thickness of crust, and patted it like a piece of butter, then fondly looked at it for a moment, then popped it in, with the resolution that the next should be a still better one, supposing such excellence possible. And all the while he kept his thumb in such a deliberate attitude, that you saw the man knew what he was about, dealt kindly with his hunger, and felt a good dinner,—when he got it.

"There, Scratch," he cried to his dog, after giving him many a taste, off and on, as in fairness should be mentioned; "hie in, and seek it there, lad."

With that he tossed well in over the hedge—for he was proud of his dog's abilities—the main bone of the three (summum bonum from a canine point of view; and, after all, perhaps they are right), and the flat bone fell, it may be a rod or so, inside the fence of the coppice. Scratch went through the hedge in no time, having watched the course of the bone in air (as a cricketer does of the ball, or an astronomer of a comet) with his sweet little tail on the quiver. But Scratch, in the coppice, was all abroad, although he had measured the distance; and the reason was very simple—the bone was high up in the fork of a bush, and there it would stay till the wind blew. Now this apotheosis of the bone to the terrier was not proven; his views were low and practical; and he rushed (as all we

earth-men do) to a lowering conclusion. The bone must have sunk into éra's bosom, being very sharp at one end, and heavy at the other. The only plan was to scratch for it, within a limited area; and why was he called "Scratch," but for scarifying genius?

Therefore that dog set to work, in a manner highly praiseworthy (save, indeed, upon a flower-bed). First he wrought well with his fore feet, using them at a trot only, until he had scooped out a little hole, about the size of a rat's nest. This he did in several places, and with sound assurance, but a purely illusory bonus. Presently he began in earnest, as if he had smelled a rat; he put out his tongue and pricked his ears, and worked away at full gallop, all four feet at once, in a fashion known only to terriers. Jem came through the hedge to see what it was, for the little dog gave short barks now and then, as if he were in a rabbit-hole, with the cone round the corner.

"Mun there, mun, lad; show whutt thee canst do, boy."

Thus encouraged, Scratch went on, emulative of self-burial, throwing the soft earth high in the air, and making a sort of laughing noise in the rapture of his glory.

After a while he sniffed hard in the hole, and then rested, and then again at it. The master also was beginning to share the little dog's excitement, for he had never seen Scratch dig so hard before, and his mind was wavering betwixt the hope of a pot of money, and the fear of finding the skeleton belonging to the ghost.

Scratch worked for at least a quarter of an hour, and then ran to the ditch and lapped a little, and came back to work again, while Jem stood by at a prudent distance, and puffed his pipe commensurately, and wished he had somebody with him. Presently he saw something shining in the peaty and sandy trough, about two feet from the surface, something at which Scratch tried his teeth, but found the subject ungenial. So Jem ran up, making sure this time that it was the pot of money.

Alas, it was nothing of the sort, nothing at all worth digging for. Jem was so bitterly disappointed that he laid hold of Scratch, and cuffed him well, and the little dog went away and howled, and looked at his bleeding claws, and stood penitent, with his tail down.

Nevertheless, the thing dug up had cost some money in its time, for gun-makers know the way to charge, if never another soul does. It was a pair of gun-barrels, without any stock, or lock, or ramrod, heavily battered and marked with fire, as if an attempt had been made to burn the entire implement, and then, the wood being consumed, the iron parts had been kicked asunder, and the hot barrels fiercely trampled on. Now Jem knew nothing whatever of guns, except that they were apt to go off, whether loaded or unloaded; so after much ponderous thinking and fearing, — *fiat experimentum in corpore vili* — he summoned poor Scratch, and coaxed him, and said, "Hie, boy, vetch thie thur thin'!"

When he found that the little dog took the barrels in his mouth without being hurt by them, and then dragged them along the ground, inasmuch as he could not carry them, Jem plucked up courage and laid them by, to take them home that evening.

After his bit of supper that night, Jem and his wife held counsel, the result of which was that he took his prize down to Roger Sweetland's shop, at the lower end of the village. There he found the blacksmith and one apprentice working overtime, repairing a harrow, which must be ready for Farmer Blackers next morning. The worthy Vulcan received Jem kindly, for his wife was Jem's wife's second cousin; and then he blew up a sharp yellow fire, and examined the barrels attentively.

"Niver zeed no goon the likes o' thissom, though a 'ave'ered say as they makes 'em now to shut out o' t'other end, man. Whai, her han't gat niver na brichin'! A must shut the man as shuts wi' her."

"What wull e' gie vor un, Roger? Her bain't na gude to ussen."

"Gie thee a zhillin, lad, mare nor her be worth, on'y to bate up vor harse-shoon."

After vainly attempting to get eighteen pence, Jem was fain to accept the shilling; and this piece of beautiful workmanship, and admirable "Damascus twist," was set in the corner behind the door, to be forged into shoes for a cart-horse. So, as Sophocles well observes, all things come round with the rolling years: the best gun-barrels used to be made of the stub-nails and the horse-shoes (though the thing was a superstition); now good horse-shoes shall be made out of the best gun-barrels.

But, in despite of this law of nature, those gun-barrels never were made into horse-shoes at all, and for this simple reason:—Rufus Hutton came over from Nowelhurst to have his Polly shedden; meanwhile he would walk up to the Hall, and see how his child Eoa was. It is a most worshipful providence, and as clever as the works of a watch, that all the people who have been far abroad, whether in hot or cold climates (I mean, of course, respectively, and not that a Melville-bay harpooner would fluke in with a Ceylon rifleman), somehow or other, when they come home, groove into, and dovetail with, one another; and not only feel a *pudor* not to contradict a brother alien, but feel bound by a *sacramentum* to back up the lies of each other. To this rule of course there are some exceptions (explosive accidents in the *Times*, for instance), but almost every one will admit that it is a rule; just as it is not to tell out of school.

As regards Rufus and Eoa, this association was limited (as all of them are now-a-days, except in their powers of swindling), strictly limited to a keen and spicily patriarchal turn. Eoa, somehow or other, with that wonderful feminine instinct (which is far in advance of the canine, but not a whit less jealous) felt that Rue Hutton had admired her, though he was old enough to be her grandfather in those precocious climates. And though she would not have had him, if he had come, out of Golconda mine, one stalactite of diamonds, she

really never could see that Rosa had any business with him. Therefore, on no account would she go to Geopharmacy Lodge, and she regarded the baby, impending there, as an outrage and an upstart.

Dr. Hutton knew more about shoeing a horse than any of the country blacksmiths; and as Polly, in common with many fast trotters, had a trick of throwing her hind feet inwards, and "cutting" (as it is termed in the art), she liked to have her hind-shoes turned up, and her hoofs rasped in a peculiar manner, which Sweetland alone could execute to her perfect satisfaction.

"Ha, Roger, whet have you got here?" said Rufus, having returned from the Hall, and inspected Polly's new shoes, which she was very proud to show him.

"Naethin' at all, yer honour, but a bit of a old anshent goon, as happed to coom in last avening."

"Ancient gun, man! Why, it is a new breech-loader, only terribly knocked about. I found it all out in London. But there are none in this part of the country. How on earth did you come by it? And what made you spoil it, you stupid, in your forge-fire?"

"Her han't a bin in my varge-vire. If her had, her'd niver a coom out alive. Her hath bin in a wood vire by the look o' the smo-uk."

Then Roger Sweetland told Rufus Hutton, as briefly as it is possible for any New Forest man to tell anything, all he knew about it; to which the inquisitive doctor listened with the keenest interest.

"And what will you take for it, Sweetland? Of course it is utterly ruined; but I might stick it up in my rubbish-hole."

"I'll tak whutt I gie vor 'un; no mare, nor no less. Though be warth a dale mare by the looks ov 'un."

"And what did you give for it—twopence?"

"As good a croon-pace as wor iver coined. Putt un barked in carner, if a bain't worth thart."

Dr. Hutton was glad to get it for that, but the blacksmith looked rather

blue, when he saw him, carefully wielding it, turn his mare's head towards the copse where poor Jem was at work. For to lose the doctor's custom would make his lie at four shillings premium an uncommonly bad investment, and Jem was almost sure to "let out" how much he had got for the gun-barrels.

After hearing all that Jem had to say, and seeing the entire process of discovery put dramatically, and himself searching the spot most carefully without any further result, and (which was the main point of all, at least in Jem's opinion) presenting the woodman with half-a-crown, and bidding him hold his tongue, Rufus Hutton went home, and very sagely preferred Harpocrates to Hymen.

The which resolution was most ungrateful, for Hymen had lately presented him with a perfect little Cupid, according to the very best judges, including the nurse and the mother, and the fuss that was made at the Lodge about it (for to us men a baby is neuter, a heterogeneous vocable, unluckily indeclinable); really the way everybody went on, and worst of all Rufus Hutton, was enough to make a sane bachelor bless the memory of Herod. However, of that no more at present. Some one was quite awake to all the ridiculous parts of it, and perfectly ready to turn rable to profitable account, as an admitt all reviewer treats the feeble birth of a novel.

Mrs. Corklemore's sympathetic powers were never displayed more brilliantly, or to better effect; and before very long she had added one, and that the primal, step to the ascending scale of the amiable monarch. For she could manage baby, and baby could manage Rosa, and Rosa could manage Rufus. Only Rufus was not king of the world, except in his own opinion.

As soon as Dr. Hutton could get away, he took the barrels to his own little room, and examined them very carefully. Scarred as they were, and battered, and discoloured by the fire, there could be no question as to their having formed part of a patent breech-

loading gun; even the hinge and the bolt still remained, though the wooden continuation of the stock was, of course, consumed; moreover, there was no loop for ramrod, nor screw-thread to take the breeching. Then Rufus went to a little cupboard, and took out a very small bottle of a strong and rodent acid, and with a feather slightly touched the battered, and crusted, and rusty "bridge," in the place where a gunmaker puts his name, and for the most part engraves it wretchedly. In breech-loading guns, the bridge itself is only retained from the force of habit, and our conservatism of folly; for as the breech-end is so much thicker than the muzzle-end of the barrel, and the interior a perfect cylinder, the line of sight (if meddled with) should be raised instead of being depressed at the muzzle-end, to give us a perfect parallel. Of course we know that shot falls in its flight, and there is no pure point-blank; but surely the allowance for, and correction of, these defeasances, according to distance, &c. should be left to the marksman's eye and practice, not slurred by a crossing of planes at one particular distance.

Leaving that to wiser heads, which already are correcting it (by omitting the bridge entirely), let us see what Dr. Hutton did. As the acid began to work, it was very beautiful to watch the clouding and the clearing over the noble but fiercely-abused metal. There is no time now to describe it—for which readers will be thankful—enough that the result revealed the maker's name and address, "L—, C—r Street," and the number of the gun. Dr. Hutton by this time had made the acquaintance of that eminent gun-maker, who, after improving greatly upon a French design, had introduced into this country a rapid and striking improvement; an implement of slaughter as far in advance of the muzzle-loader as a lucifer-match is of flint and tinder. And Rufus, although with a set design to work out his suspicions, would have found it a very much slower work, but for a bit of accident.

He was sauntering along one day

from Charing Cross to the westward, looking in at every window (as his manner was, for he loved all information), when suddenly he espied the very "moral"—as the old women say—the exact fac-simile of the thing in his waistcoat pocket. Instantly he entered the shop, and asked a number of questions. Though it was clear that he came to purchase nothing, he was received most courteously, for it is one of the greatest merits of men who take the lead with us, that they scale or skin the British dragon, and substitute for John Bull's jumble of surliness and serfdom, the courtesy of self-respect. Then the brevity and simplicity of the new invention—for everything is new with us during five-and-twenty years; and it took thirty years of persistent work to make Covent Garden own rhubarb—all the great advantages, which true Britons would "consider of," were pointed out to Rufus Hutton, and he saw them in a moment, though of guns he had known but little.

And now he saw so much of import in his new discovery, that he resolved to neglect all other business, and start for London the very next morning, if Rosa could be persuaded to let him, without having heard his purpose. But in spite of all his eagerness, he did nothing of the sort; for Rufus junior that very night was taken with some infantile ailment of a serious kind, and for more than a month the doctor could not leave home for a day even, without breach of duty towards his wife, and towards the unconscious heir of his orchard-house and pyramids.

Troubles were closing round Bull Garnet, but he knew nothing of them; and, to tell the truth, he cared not now what the end would be, or in what mode it would visit him. All he cared for was to defer (if it might be so) the violence of the outburst, the ruin of the household, until his darling son should be matured enough of judgment, and shaped enough in character, to feel, and to make others feel, that to answer for our own sins is quite enough for the best of us.

Yet there was one other thing which

Mr. Garnet fain would see in likely course of settlement, ere the recoil of his own crime should sweep upon his children. It regarded only their worldly affairs; their prospects, when he should have none. And being the mixture he happened to be—so shrewd, and so sentimental—he saw how good it was to exert the former attributive, when his children were concerned; and the latter, and far larger one, upon the world at large.

He had lately made some noble purchase from the Government Commissioners—who generally can be cheated, because what they sell is not their own—and he felt that he was bound by the very highest interests to be a capable grantee, till all was signed, and sealed, and safely conveyed to uses beyond attainment of felony. Therefore he was labouring hard to infuse some of his old energy into the breasts of lawyers—which attempt proves the heat of his nature more than would a world of testimony.

CHAPTER LI.

"WHY should I care for life or death? The one is no good, and the other no harm. What is existence but sense of self, severance for one troubled moment from the eternal unity? We disquiet ourselves, we fume, and pant—lo, our sorrows are gone, like the smoke of a train, and our joys like the glimmer of steam. Why should I fear to be mad, any more than fear to die? What harm if the mind outrun the body upon the road back to God? And yet we look upon madness as the darkest of human evils!

"How this gliding river makes one think of life and eternity! Not because the grand old simile lives in every language. Not because we have read and heard it, in a hundred forms and more. A savage from the Rocky Mountains feels the same idea—for ideas strongly stamped pierce into the feelings. Why does the mind so glide away to some calm sea of melancholy, when, we

stand and gaze intently upon flowing water? And the larger the spread of the water is, and the grander the march of the current, the deeper and more irresistible grows the sadness of the gazer.

"That naval captain, so well known as an explorer of the Amazon, who dined with us at Nowelhurst one day last July, was a light-hearted man by nature, and full of wit and humour. And yet, in spite of wine and warmth, he made the summer twilight creep with the sadness of his stories. Nevertheless, we hung upon them with a strange enchantment; we drew more real pleasure from them than from a world of drolleries. Poor Clayton tried to run away, for he never could bear melancholy; but all he did was to take a chair nearer to the voyager. As for me, I cried; in spite of myself, I cried; being carried away by the flow of his language, so smooth, and wide, and gliding, with the mystery of waters.

"And he was not one of those shallow men who talk for effect at dinner-parties. Nothing more than a modest sailor, leaving his mind to its natural course. Only he had been so long upon that mighty river, that he nevermore could cease from gliding, ever gliding, with it.

"Once or twice he begged our pardon for the sweep of hazy sadness moving (like the night on water) through his tales and scenery. He is gone there again of his own free choice. He must die upon that river. He loves it more than any patriot ever loved his country. Betwixt a man and flowing water there must be more than similitude, there must be a sort of sympathy."

"*Tap-Robin*, ahoy there! Ahoy, every son of a sea-cook of you. Heave us over a rope, you lubbers. Would yer swamp us with parson aboard of me?"

This was Mr. Jupp, of course, churning up Crad's weak ideas, like a steam-paddle in a fish-pond. Perhaps the reason why those ideas had been of such sad obscurity, and so fluxed with sorry sentiment, was that the vague concipient believed himself to be shipped off for an indefinite term of banishment, without

even a message from Amy. Whereas, in truth, he was only going for a little voyage to Ceylon, in the clipper ship *Taprobane*, A 1 for all time at Lloyd's, and never allowed to carry more than twice as much as she could. How discontented mortals are! He ought to have been jollier than a sandboy, for he had a cabin all to himself (quite large enough to turn round in), and, what of all things we Britons love best, a happy little sinecure. He was actually appointed—on the strength of his knowledge of goods earned at the Cranjam terminus, but not through any railway influence (being no chip of the board, neither any attorney's "love-child"—if there be such a heterogeny), only through John Rosedew's skill and knowledge of the world, Cradock was actually made "under-supercargo" of a vessel bound to the tropics.

The clipper had passed Greenhithe already, and none had hailed her or said "Farewell." The *Taprobane* would have no tug. She was far too clean in the bows for that work. Her mother and grandmother had run unaided down the river; even back to the fourth generation of ships, when the Dutchmen held Ceylon, and doubtless would have kept it, but for one great law of nature: no Dutchman must be thin. But even a Dutchman loses fat within ten degrees of the line. So nature reclaimed her square Dutchmen from the tropics, which turned them over. Most likely these regions are meant, in the end, for the Yankee, who has no fat to lose, and is harder to fry than a crocodile.

But who can stop to theorise while the *Taprobane* is dancing along under English colours, and swings on her keel just in time to avoid running down Mr. Rosedew and Issachar? Mr. Jupp is combining business with pleasure, being, as you may say, under orders to meet the *Saucy Sally*, and steer her home from Northfleet to the Surrey Docks. So he has taken a lift in a collier, and met Mr. Rosedew at Gravesend, according to agreement, and then borrowed a boat to look out alike for *Saucy Sally* and *Taprobane*.

When words and gifts had been interchanged—what Amy sent is no matter now; but Loo Jupp sent a penny 'bacco-box, which beat father's out and out (as he must be sure to tell Cradock), and had "Am I welcome!" on it, in letters of gold at least—when "God bless you" had been said for the twentieth time, and love tied the tongue of gratitude, the *Taprobane* lay to for a moment, and the sails all shivered noisily, and the water curled crisply, and hissed and bubbled, and the little boats hopped merrily to the pipe of the rising wind.

Then Mr. Rosedew came down the side, lightly of foot and cleverly; while the under-supercargo leaned upon the rail and sorrowfully watched him. Ponderously then and slowly, with his great splay feet thrust into the rope-ladder, even up to the heel, quite at his leisure descended that good bargeman, Issachar Jupp. This noble bargee had never been seen to hurry himself on his own account. He and his deeds lagged generally on the bight of a long and slack tow-rope.

The sailors, not entering into his character, thought that he was frightened, and condemned his apprehensive luminaries, in words of a quarter the compass. Then Mr. Jupp let go with both hands, stood bolt upright on the foot-rope, and shook his great fists at them. "Let him catch them ashore at Wapping, if the devil forewent his due; let him catch them, that was all!" Thereupon they gave him a round of cheers, and promised to square the account, please God.

Mr. Rosedew and the bargeman looked up from the tossing wherry, and waved their last farewell, the parson reckless of Sunday hat, and letting his white locks glance and flutter on the cold March wind. But Cradock made no reply.

"All right, gov'nor!" said Jupp, catching hold of the parson; "no call for you to take on so. I've a been the likes o' that there mysel' in the days, when I tuk' blue ruin. The rattissination of it are to fetch it out of him by travellin'. And the *Top-Robin* are a traveller, and no mistake. D'rectly

moment I comes to my fortin', I'll improve self and family travellin'."

Zakey, to assert his independence as his nature demanded, affected a rough familiarity with the man whom he revered. The parson allowed it as a matter of course. His dignity was not so hollow as to be afraid of sand-paper. The result was that Issachar Jupp, every time, felt more and more compunction at, and less and less of comfort in, the unresented liberties.

As he said "good-bye" at the landing-place—for he had seen the *Sally* coming—he put out his hand, and then drew it back with a rough bow (disinherited from long-forgotten manners), and his raspy tongue thrust far into the coal-mine of his cheek. But John Rosedew accepted his hand, and bowed, as he would have done to a nobleman. Even if a baby smiled at him, John always acknowledged the compliment. For he added Christian courtesy, and the humility of all thoughtful minds, to a certain grand and glorious gift of radiating humanity.

Cradock Nowell was loth to be sent away, and could not see the need of it; but, perhaps, the medical men were right in prescribing a southern voyage, a total change of scene and climate, as the likeliest means to re-establish the shattered frame and the tottering mind. And so he sailed for the gorgeous tropics, where the sun looks not askance, where the size of every climbing, swimming, fluttering, or crawling thing (save man himself) is doubled; where life of all things bounds and beats—until it is quickly beaten—as it never gets warm enough to do in the pinching zones, tight-buckled.

Meanwhile John Rosedew went to his home—a home so loved and fleeting—and tried to comfort himself on the road with various Elzevirs. Finding them fail, one after another, for his mind was not in cue for them, he pulled out his little Greek Testament, and read what a man may read every day, and never begin to be weary; because his heart still yearns the more towards the grand ideal, and feels a reminiscence

such as Plato the divine, alone of heathens, won.

John Rosedew read once more the Sermon on the Mount, and wondered how his little griefs could vex him as they did. That sermon is grander in English, far grander, than in the Greek; for the genius of our language is large, and strong, and simple—the true spirit of the noblest words that ever on earth were spoken. How cramped they would be in Attic Greek (like Mount Athos chiselled); in Latin how nerveless and alien! Ours is the language to express; and ours the race to receive them.

What man, in later life, whose reading has led him through vexed places—whence he had wiser held aloof—does not, on some little touch, brighten, and bedew himself with the freshness of the morning, thrill as does the leaping earth to see the sun come back again, and, dashing all his night away, open the power of his eyes to the kindness of his Father?

John Rosedew felt his cares and fears vanish like the dew-cloud among the quivering tree-tops; and bright upon him broke the noon, the heaven wherein our God lives. Earth and its fabrics may pass away: but that which came from heaven shall not be without a home.

Meditating, comforted, strengthened on the way, John Rosedew came to his little hearth, and was gladdened again by little things, such as here are given or lent us to amuse our exile life. Most of us, with growing knowledge and keener sense of honesty, more strongly desire from year to year that these playthings were distributed more equally amongst us. But let us not say "equally." For who shall impugn the power of contrast even in heightening the zest of heaven?

Amy met him, his own sweet Amy, best and dearest of all girls, a thoroughly English maiden, not salient like Eoa, but warmly kind, and thoughtful, and toned with self-restraint. But even that last she threw to the winds when she saw her father returning, and ran with her little feet pattering, like sweet-gale leaves, over the gravel, to the unpretentious gate.

"Darling father!" was all she said; and, perhaps, it was quite enough.

Of late she had dropped all her little self-will (which used to vex her aunt so), and her character seemed to expand and ripen in the quiet glow of her faithful love.

Thenceforth, and for nearly a fortnight, Amy Rosedew, if suddenly wanted, was sure to be found in a garret, whose gable-window faced directly towards the breadth of sea. When a call for her came through the crazy door, she would slam up with wonderful speed her own little Munich telescope, having only two slides and a cylinder, but clearer and brighter than high-powered glasses, ten stories long perhaps, and of London manufacture: and then she would confront the appellant, with such a colour to be sure, and a remark upon the weather, as sage as those of our weather-clerks, who allow the wind so much latitude that they never contrive to hit it. But which of the maids knew not, and loved her not the more for knowing, that she was a little coast-guard, looking out for her *eau de vie*? Of course she saw fifty *Taprobanes*—every one more genuine than its predecessor—and more than fifty Cradocks, some thirty miles away, leaning over hearts of oak, with a faint sweet smile, waving handkerchiefs as white as their own unsullied constancy, and crying with a heavy sigh, "My native land, good-night!"

Facts, however, are stubborn things, and will not even make a bow to the sweetest of young ladies. And the fact was that the Ceylon trader fetched away to the southward before a jovial north-east wind, and, not being bound to say anything to either Plymouth or Falmouth, never came near the field of gentle Amy's telescope.

That doctor knew something of his subject—the triple conglomerate called man—who prescribed for Cradock Nowell, instead of noxious medicines—*medicina a non medendo*—the bounding ease and buoyant freedom of a ship bound southward.

Go westward, and you meet the bil-

lows, headers all of them, staggering faith even in the Psalmist's description (for he was never in the Bay of Biscay), and a wind that stings patriotic tears with the everlasting brine. Go eastward, and you meet the ice, or (in summer) shoals and soundings, and a dreary stretch of sand-banks. Go northward, and the chances are that you find no chance of return. But go full-sail to the glorious south, and once beyond the long cross-ploughings and head-land of the Gulf Stream, you slide into a quiet breast, a confidence of waters, over which the sun more duly does his work and knows it, and under which the growth of beauty clothes your soul with wonder.

When shall we men leave off fighting, cease to prove the Darwinian theory, and the legends of Kilkenny (by leaving only our tails behind us, a legacy for new law-suits); and in the latter days ask God the reason we were made for? When our savage life is done with, and we are no longer cannibals—and at present cannibals are perhaps of more practical mind than we, for they have an object in homicide, and the spit justifies the battle-field—when we do at last begin not to hate one another; not to think the evil first, because in nature prior; not to brand as maniacs, and marks for paltry satire, every man who dares to think that he was not born a weasel, and that ferocity is cowardice—then a man of self-respect may begin to be a patriot. At present, as our nations are, all abusing one another, none inquiring, none allowing, all preferring wrong to weakness, if it hit the breed and strain; each proclaiming that it is the favoured child of God, the only one He looks upon (merging His all-seeing eye in its squint ambition),—at present even we must feel that "patriotism" is little more than selfishness in a balloon.

Poor Craddock, wasted so and altered (when he left black London) that nothing short of woman's true love could run him home without check, began to feel the change of sky, and drink new health from the balmy air, and relish the wholesome mind-bread, leavened with the yeast of novelty. A man who

can stay in the same old place, and work the blessed old and new year at the same old work, dwell on and deal with the same old faces, receive and be bound to reciprocate the selfsame old ideas, without crying out, "Oh bother you!" without yearning for the sea-view, or pining for the mountain—that man has either a very great mind, or else he has none at all. For a very great mind can create its own food, fresh as the manna, daily, or dress in unceasing variety the fruit of other intellects, and live thereon amid the grand and ever-shifting scenery of a free imagination. On the other hand, a man of no mind gets on quite contentedly, having never tasted thought-food; only wind him up with the golden key every Saturday night, and oil him with respectability at the Sunday service.

Now the under-supercargo of the *Ta-probane* was beginning to eat his meals like a man, to be pleased with the smell of new tar, and the head-over-heel of the porpoises, and to make acquaintance with sailors of large morality. In a word, he was coming back, by spell and spate, to Craddock Nowell, but as yet so merely skew-nailed to the pillar of himself, that any change of weather caused a gape, a gap, a chasm.

Give him bright sun and clear sky, with a gentle breeze over the waters spreading wayward laughter, with an amaranth haze just lightly veiling the union of heaven and ocean, and a few flying-fish, or an albatross, for incident in the foreground—and the young man would walk to and fro as briskly, and talk as clearly and pleasantly, as any one in the ship could.

But let the sky gather weight and gloom, and the sullen sun hang back in it, and the bright flaw of wind on the waters die out, and the sultry air, in oppressive folds, lean on the slimy ocean—and Craddock's mind was gone away, like a bat flown into darkness.

Sometimes it went more gradually, giving him time to be conscious that his consciousness was departing; and that of all things was perhaps the most woeful and distressing. It was as if

the weak mind-fountain bubbled up reproachfully, like a geyser over-gargled, and flushed the thin membrane and cellular tissue with more thought than they could dispose of. Then he felt the air grow chill, and saw two shapes of everything, and fancied he was holding something when his hands were empty. Then the mind went slowly off, retreating, ebbing, leaving shoal-ground, into long abeyance, into faintly-known bayous, feebly navigated by the nautilus of memory.

It is not pleasant, but is good, now and then to see afar these pretty little drawbacks upon our self-complacency, —an article imported hourly, though in small demand for export. However, that is of little moment, for the home-consumption is infinite. How noble it is to vaunt ourselves, how spirited to scorn as *faber* Him who would be father; when a floating gossamer breathed between the hemispheres of our brain makes imperial reason but the rubbish of an imperious flood. Then the cells and clever casemates, rammed home with explosive stuff to blow God out of heaven, are no mortar, but a lime-kiln, crusted and collapsing (after three days' fire), a stranded cockle, dead and stale, with the door of his shell a bubble; and so ends the philosopher.

Upon a glaring torpid sea, a degree or two south of the line, the *Taprobane* lay so becalmed that the toss of a quid into the water was enough to drive her windward, or leeward, whichever you pleased to call it. The last of the trade-winds, being long dead, was buried on the log by this time; and the sailors were whistling by day and by night, and piping into the keys of their lockers, but no responsive dimple appeared in the sleek cadaverous cheek of the never-changing sea.

What else could one expect? They had passed upon the wind's-eyes so adverse a decision —without hearing counsel on either side—that really, to escape ophthalmia, it must close its eyelids. So everything was heavy slumber, sleep of parboiled weariness. Where sea and sky met one another—if they

could do it without moving—the rim of dazzled vision whitened to a tale-like glimmer. Within that circle all was tintless, hard as steel, yet dull and oily, smitten flat with heat and haze. Not a single place in sky and sea to which a man might point his finger, and say to his mate, "Look there!" No skir of fish, not even a shark's fin, or a mitching dolphin, no dip of wing, no life at all, beyond the hot rim of the ship, or rather now the "vessel," where many a man lay frying, with scarcely any lard left. And oh, how the tar and the pitch did smell, running like a cankered apricot-tree, and the steam of the bilgewater found its way up, and reeked through the yawning deck-seams!

But if any man durst look over the side (being gifted with an Egyptian skull, for to any thin head the sunstroke is death, when taken upon the crown), that daring man would have seen in blue water, some twenty fathoms below him, a world of life, and work, and taste, complex, yet simple, more ingenious than his wisest labours. For here no rough rivers profane the sea with a flood of turbulent passion, like a foul oath vented upon the calm summer twilight; neither is there strong indraught from the tossing of distant waters, nor rolling leagues of mountain surf, as in the Indian Ocean. All is heat and sleep above, where the sheer dint of the sun lies; but down in the depth of those glassy halls they heed not the fervour of the noon-blaze, nor the dewy sparkle of starlight.

"Typhoon by and by," said the first mate, yawning, but too lazy to stretch, under the awning of a sail which they wetted with a hydropult, a most useful thing on shipboard, as well as in a garden.

"Not a bit of it," answered the captain, looking still more lazy, but managing to suck cold punch.

"We shall see," was all the mate said. It was a deal too hot to argue, and he was actually drinking ale, English bottled ale, hoisted up from a dip in blue water, but as hot as the pipes in a pinery.

The under-supercargo heeded not these laconic interchanges. The oppression was too great for him. Amid that universal blaze and downright pour of stifling heat, his mind was gone wool-gathering back into the old New Forest. The pleasant stir of the stripping leaves, the shadows weaving their morrice-dance, and trooping away on the grass-tufts at the pensive steps of evening; the sound and scent of the vernal wind among the blowing gorse; the milky splash of the cuckoo-flower in swarded breaks of woodland, the bees in the belfry of cowslips, the frill of the white wind-flower, and the fleet-scent of violets—all these in their form and colour moved, or lay in their beauty before him, while he was leaning against the side-rail, and it burned his hand to touch it.

"Wants a wet swab on his nob," said the first mate, tersely; "never come to himself sure as my name is Cracklins."

"Don't agree with you," answered the captain, who always snubbed the mate; "he's a sight better now than at Blackwall. Poor young gent, I like him."

"So do I," said the mate, pouring out more boiling beer; "but that ain't much to do with it. There's the wet swab anyhow."

About an hour before sunset, when the sky was purple, and the hot vapours piling away in slow drifts, like large hay-cocks walking, a gentle breeze came up and made little finger-marks on the water. First it awoke shy glances and glosses, light as the play upon richly-glazed silk, or the glimpse upon mother-of-pearl. Then it breathed on the lips of men, and they sucked at it as at spring-water. Then it came sliding, curling, ruffling, spoiling the image of sky upon sea, but bringing earthly life and courage, hope, and the spirit of motion. Many a rough and gruff tar shed tears, not knowing the least about them, only from nature's goodwill and power, as turpentine flows from the pine-wood.

"Hearty, my lads, and bear a hand."

"Pipe my eye, and be blessed to me!" They rasped it off with the back of their hands, and would knock down any one of canine extraction, who dared to say wet was the white of their eyes.

The gurgling of the water sounded like the sobs of a sleeping child, as it went dapping and lipping and lapping under the bows and along the run of the sweetly-gliding curvature. Soon you could see the quiet closure of the fluid behind her, the fibring first (as of parted hair) convergent under the counter, the dimples circling in opposite ways on the right and left of the triangle, and then the linear ruffles meeting, and spreading away in broad white union, after a little jostling. You may see the same at the tail of a millstream, when the water is bright in July, and the bush-shadows fall across it. For the sails were beginning to draw again now, and the sheets and tacks were tightening, and the braces creaking merrily, and every bit of man-stuff on board felt his heart go, and his lungs work. Therefore all were glad and chaffing, as the manner is of Britons, when the man in the foretop shouted down, "Land upon the port-bow."

"I have looked for it all day," said the captain; "I was right to half a league, Smith."

The skipper had run somewhat out of his course to avoid a cyclone to the westward, but he had not allowed sufficiently for the indraught of the Gulf of Guinea, and was twenty leagues more to the eastward than he had any idea of being. Nevertheless, they had plenty of sea-room, and now from the trending of the coast might prudently stand due south. They had passed Cape Lopez three days ago, of course without having sighted it, and had run by the log three hundred miles thence, despite the dead calm of that day. So they knew that they could not be very far from the mouth of the river Congo.

As they slipped along with that freshening breeze, the water lost its brightness, and soon became of a yellowish hue, as if mixed with a turbulent freshet. Then they lay to in fifteen

fathoms, and sent off a boat to the island, for the intense heat of the last few days had turned their water putrid. The first and second mates were going, and the supercargo took his gun, and declared that he would stretch his legs and bring home some game for supper. What island it was they were not quite sure, for there was nothing marked on the charts just there, to agree with their reckoning and log-run. But they knew how defective charts are.

When the water-casks were lowered, and all were ready to shove off, and the mast of the yawl was stepped, and the sail beginning to flap and jerk in a most impatient manner, Cracklins, who was a good-natured fellow, hollaed out to Craddock.

"Come along of us, Newman, old fellow. You want bowising up, I see. Bring your little dog for a run, to rout up some rabbits or monkeys for Tippler. And have a good run yourself, my boy."

Without stopping to think—for his mind that day had only been a dream to him—Craddock Nowell went down the side, with Wena on his arm, and she took advantage of the occasion to lick his face all over. Then he shuddered unconsciously at the gun which lay under the transoms.

"Look sharp, Cracklins," shouted the captain from his window; "the glass is down, I see, half an inch. I can only give you two hours."

"All right, sir," answered the mate; "but we can't fill the casks in that time, unless we have wonderful luck."

The land lay about a mile away, and with the sail beginning to tug, and four oars dipping vigorously,—for the men were refreshed by the evening breeze, and wild for a run on shore,—they reached it in about ten minutes, and nosed her in on a silvery beach strewn with shells innumerable. A few dwarf rocks rose here and there, and the line of the storm was definite, but for inland view there was nothing more than a crescent terrace of palm trees. The air felt beautifully fresh and pure, and entirely free from the crawling miasma

of the African coast. No mangrove swamps, no festering mud, no reedy bayou of rottenness.

But the boat-crew found no fresh water at first; and they went in three parties to search for it. The mate with three men struck off to the right, the boatswain with three more made away to the left, only Craddock and the supercargo walked directly inland. Wena found several rabbits, all of a sandy colour, and she did enjoy most wonderfully her little chivies after them. Most of the birds were going to rest, as the rapid twilight fell, but the trees were full of monkeys, and here and there a squirrel shook the light tracery of the branches.

Tippler and Craddock wandered inland for half a mile or more, keeping along a pleasant hollow which they feared to leave, lest they should lose the way back, and as yet they had seen neither spring nor brook, although from the growth and freshness they knew that water must be near them. Then suddenly the supercargo fired his gun at a flying green pigeon, whose beauty had caught his eyes.

To his great amazement Craddock fell down, utterly helpless, pale as a corpse, not trembling, but in a syncope. His comrade tried to restore him, but without any effect, then managed to drag him part-way up the slope, and set him with his back to an ebony tree, while he ran to fetch assistance. Suddenly then an ominous sound trembled through the thick wood, a mysterious thrill of the earth and air, at the coming of war between them. It moved the wild grapes, the flowering creepers, the sinuous caoutchouc, the yellow nuts of the palm-oil tree, and the pointed leaves of the ebony.

When the supercargo ran down to the boat, the men were pushing off hastily, the water curling and darkening, and a sullen swell increasing. A heavy mass of cloud hung to leeward, and the tropical night fell heavily, till the ship was swallowed up in it.

"Jump in, Tippler! Just in time," cried the first mate, seizing the tiller-

ropes; "not a moment to lose. We must go without water; we shall have enough out of the sky to-night. I could not tell what to do about you, and the signal's 'Return immediately.'"

"But I tell you, we can't go, Cracklins. Poor Newman is up there in a fit or something. Send two men with me to fetch him."

"How far off is he?"

"Nearly a mile."

"Then I daren't do it. We are risking our lives already. The typhoon will be on us in half an hour. Said so this morning—skipper wouldn't listen. Jump in, man, jump in; or we're off without you. Can't you see how the sea is rising? Ease off the sheet, you lubber there. We must down with the sail in two minutes, lads, soon as ever we've got way on her. Lend a grip of your black fist, Julep, instead of yawing there like a nigger. Now will you come, or won't you?"

Tippler was a brave and kind-hearted man; but he thought of his wife and children, and leaped into the boat. Although he was not a sailor, he saw the urgency of the moment, and confessed that nine lives must not be sacrificed for the sake of one. The power of the wind was growing so fast, and the lift of the waves so menacing, that the nine men needed both skill and strength to recover their ship, ere the storm burst.

And a terrible storm it was, of the genuine Capricorn type, sudden, deluging, laced with blue lightning, whirling in the opposite direction to that which our cyclones take. At midnight the *Taprobane* was running under bare poles, shipping great seas heavily, with an electric coronet gleaming and bristling all around truck and dog-vane. And by that time she was sixty miles from her under-supercargo.

CHAPTER LII.

DR. HUTTON's baby was getting better, and Rosa, who had been, as the nurse said, "losing ground so sadly, poor dear," was beginning to pick up her

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crumbs again. Therefore Rufus, who (in common with Rosa and all the rest of the household) regarded that baby as the noblest and grandest sublimation of humanity, if not as the final cause of the little world's existence, was beginning now to make up his mind that he really might go to London that week, without being (as his wife declared he must be, if he even thought about it) cruel, inhuman, unfatherly, utterly void of all sense of duty, not to say common affection. And she knew quite well what he wanted. All he wanted was to go and see Mr. Rivers's peach-trees in blossom, as if that was such a sight as her baby. Yes, *her* baby, ma's own darling, a dove of a dumpling dillikins; to think that his own pa should prefer nasty little trees without a hair on them, and that didn't even know what he meant, to the most elegant love of a goldylocks that ever was, was, was!

Master Goldylocks had received, from another quarter, a less classical, and less pleasing, but perhaps (from an objective point of view) a more truthful and unprismatic description of the hair it pleased God to give him.

"Governor's carrots, and no mistake," cried Mrs. O'Gaghan the moment she saw him, which, of course, was upon his first public appearance—catch Biddy out of the way when any baby, of any father or mother she had ever heard of, was submitted even to the most privileged inspection—"knew he must have 'em, of course. You niver can conquer that, ma'am, if your own hair was like a sloe, and you tuk me black briony arl the time. Hould him dacent, will ye, nurse? Not led his head down that fashion! He don't want more blood in his hair, child. Oh yes, I can see, ma'am! Niver knowed more nor two wi' that red-hot poker colour, colour of the red snuff they calls 'Irish black-guard' in the top of a hot shovel; and one of the two were Mr. Hutton, ma'am, saving your presence to spake of it; and the other were of Tim Brady, as were hung at the cross-roads, near Clonmel, for cutting the throat of his grandmother."

"Oh, Mary, take her away. *What a horrid woman!*"

Here Mrs. Gaghan was marched away, amid universal indignation, which she could not at all understand. But she long had borne against Rufus Hutton the bitterest of all bitter spites (such as only an Irishwoman can bear), for the exposure of her own great mistake, and the miserable result which (as she fully believed) had sprung from all his meddling. And yet she was a "good-hearted" woman. But a good heart is only the wad upon powder, when a violent will is behind it.

Not to attach undue importance to Biddy's prepossessions, yet to give every facility for a verdict upon the question, I am bound to state what an old-young lady, growing every month more satirical, because nobody would have her, yet quite unconscious that the one drawback was the main cause of the other (for all men hate sarcastic women),—how tersely she expressed herself.

"Ridiculous likeness! Was he born with two cheroots in his mouth?"

But a lady, who would marry for ever because she was so soft and nice, came to see darling baby again, the moment she was quite assured that he was equal to the interview, having denied herself from day to day, although it had affected her appetite, and was telling upon her spirits. Neither would she come alone—that would be too selfish: she must make a gala day of it, and gratify her relatives. So Mrs. Hutton had the rapture of sitting behind her bedroom curtain, and seeing no less than three carriages draw up in a thundering manner, while Rufus was in the greatest fright that they would not find room to turn, but must cut up his turf. Luckily the roller was in the way; or else those great coachmen, who felt themselves lowered by coming to a place of that size, would have had their revenge on the sod. The three carriages were, of course, that of Nowellhurst Hall in the van (no pun, if you please) with two noble footmen behind it, and Georgie in state inside. Then the "Kettledrum rattletrap," as the hypercritical termed

it, with Mr. Kettledrum driving, and striking statuesque attitudes for the benefit of the horses, and Mrs. Kettledrum inside, entreating him not to be rash. Last of all the Coo Nest equipage, a very neat affair, with Mr. Corklemore inside, wanting to look at his wife in the distance, and wondering what she was up to.

"Oh, such shocking taste, I know," cried Georgie, directly the lower order were supposed to be out of hearing, "horribly bad taste to come in such force: but what could we do, Dr. Hutton? There was my sister, there was my husband, there was my own silly self, all waiting, as for a bulletin, to know when baby would receive. And so, at the very first moment, by some strange coincidence, here we are all at once. And I do hope darling Rosa will allow some of us to come in."

"Jonah," shouted Rufus Hutton, going away to the door very rudely (according to our ideas, but with Anglo-Indian instincts), "see that all those men have beer."

"Plaise, sir, there bain't none left. Brewer hain't a been since you drank." As every one in the house heard this, dear Georgie had some revenge.

However, babe Rufus received his ovation; and the whole thing went off well, as most things do in the counties of England, when plenty of good wine produces itself. Lunch was ready in no time; and, as all had long ago assented to Mrs. Corklemore's most unselfish proposition that she, as privileged of pet Rosa, should just steal upstairs for a minute, and then come down again—after giving notice, of course, that dear baby should have all his lace on—the pleasant overture of the host was accepted with little coyness—

"Let us suppose that we have dined: because the roads are so very bad. Let us venture upon a light dessert. I have a few pears, even now in April, which I am not altogether afraid to submit to the exquisite taste of ladies,—'Madame Millet' and 'Josephine.' May we think that we have dined?"

As the company not only thought, but

felt that they had made an uncommonly good dinner, this little proposal did pleasant violence to their sense of time. It would be so charmingly novel to think that they had dined at three o'clock! Oh, people of brief memory! For Kettledrum Hall and Coo Nest loved nothing better than to dine at two; which, perhaps, is two hours too late, according to nature *versus* fashion. "For such an occasion as this," said Rufus, under all the excitement of hospitality multiplied by pateruity, "we will have a wine worth talking of. Clicquot, of course, and Paxarette for the ladies, if they prefer it; which perhaps they will do because it is sweeter than port. But I do hope that some will deign to taste my 1820, President's unrefreshed."

Georgie's pretty lip came out, like the curl of an opening convolvulus; to think of offering her sweet wine, when choice port was forthcoming. There are few better judges of a good glass of port than Mrs. Nowell Corklemore.

"Port, sir, for my wife, if you please. She likes a rather dry wine, sir, but with plenty of bouquet. There is no subject, I may say, in which she has—ha, haw—a more profound capacity."

"My dear Nowell, why you are perfectly calumnious. Thank you, no champagne. It spoils the taste of—your beautiful water. How dreadfully we were alarmed in Ringwood. We all but drove over a child. What a providential escape! I have scarcely yet recovered it. It has made me feel so nervous. What, Dr. Hutton, port for a lady, at this time of day, and not ordered medically!"

Thereupon, of course Rufus prescribed it, till Georgie, being quite overcome by the colour, as the host himself decanted it, capitulated at last for "strictly half a glass."

After a little, the ladies withdrew, to see double perfections in the baby, and Mrs. Hutton, who knew quite well what they had been doing, while she was discussing arrowroot, received them at first rather stiffly. But she had no chance with Georgie, who entered beauti-

fully into the interesting room, and exclaimed with great vivacity—

"Oh, dear Mrs. Hutton, as the little boys say, 'here we are again.' And so glad to get away, because your husband is so hospitable, and we thought of you all the time. I wanted so much to bring you a glass of that very exquisite—let me see, I think it must have been port, though I never know one wine from another—only I feared it might seem rude, if I had ventured to propose it. Of course Dr. Hutton knew best."

"Of course he didn't," said Rosa, pettishly; "he never thought about it. Not that I would have taken it; oh dear, no! Ladies cannot have too little wine, I think. I think it makes them masculine."

"Well, dear, you know best. Very likely you heard us laughing. I assure you we were quite merry. We drank his health 'three times three'—don't they call it about a baby? And I was nearly proposing *yours*; only a gentleman ought to do that. Oh, it was so interesting, and the wine superb—at least, so said the gentlemen; I do wish they had brought you some, dear."

"I am very glad they did not. It is so very lowering to a fine sense of the ideal. I heard you laughing, or making some noise, only I was so absorbed in these lovely poems. 'To my Babe' is so very beautiful, so expressive, I feel every word of it. And this sonnet about the first cropper! And the directions to pinch his nose! You have had so many husbands, dear; you must know all about it."

"My darling child, how I feel for you! But, in all probability, he will come up when both decanters are empty; let him find you in a good temper, dear."

But this (which must have grown into a row, for Georgie had even more spirit than tact, and Rosa was equal to anything), all this evil was averted, and harmony restored by the popping in of nurse, who had not taken her half-crowns yet, but considered them desirable, and saw them now endangered.

"Goldylocks, Goldylocks! Oh, bring him here, nurse. Skillikins, dillikins!

oh, such a dove! And if nobody else cares for poor mamma, he has got better taste, hasn't he?"

Goldyllocks very soon proved that he had; and Georgie, having quite recovered her temper, admired him so ecstatically, that even his mother thought her judgment was really worth something.

"Give him to me; I can't do without him. O you beautiful cherub! Kicklewick, I am sure you never saw any one like him."

"That indeed I never did, ma'am," answered nurse Kicklewick, holding her arms out, as if she must have him back again; "many a fine child I have seen, and done for to my humble ability, ma'am, since the time I were at Lord Eldergun's; and her ladyship said to me—'Kicklewick,' says she—"

"Oh, his love of a nosey-posey! Oh, then his bootiful eyes, dick, dock! And then his golden hair, you know, so lovely, chaste, and rare, you know! Will um have a dancey-prancey?"

And Georgie, forgetting all dignity, went through a little Polish dance, with the baby in her arms, to his very grave amazement, and the delight of all beholders. Although of the genuine Hutton strain, he was too young to crow yet, nevertheless he expressed approval in the most emphatic water-colours. Mrs. Hutton's heart was won for ever.

"Oh, darling, I am so obliged to you. He has positively popped two bubbles. A thing he never did before! How can I ever repay you?"

"By letting me come over and dance him twice a week. Oh, that I only had a boy!—because I do love boy-babies so."

"One would think that you must have had fifty, at least, before you were five-and-twenty! How on earth do you understand him so? I only know half what he means, though I try for hours and hours."

"Simply by sympathising with him. I feel all his ideas come home to me, and I put them into shape."

"You are the loveliest creature I ever saw." And, indeed, Georgie did look very well, for it was not all mere hum-

bug now, though perhaps it was at first. "Oh, no wonder baby loves you. Kicklewick, isn't it wonderful?"

"Indeed, then, and it would be, ma'am," replied Mrs. Kicklewick rapturously—for now she had four half-crowns in her pocket—"only for it bein' nature, ma'am. Nature it is as does it, as must be. Nothing else no good again it. And how I should like to be'long of you, ma'am, when your next time come, please God. Would you mind to accept of my card, ma'am, unpretenshome but in good families,—Sarah Kicklewick, late to Lord Eldergun, and have hopes to be again, ma'am, if any confidence in head-footman. 'Mrs. Kicklewick,' he says, and me upon the bridge, ma'am, with the wind a blowin'—"

"To be sure," said Georgie, "and the water running; how clearly you describe it!"

But we must cut her short, even as she cut nurse Kicklewick. Enough that she won such influence over the kind but not too clever Rosa, that Rufus Hutton's plans and acts, so far as they were known to his wife, were known also to his wife's best friend. But one thing there was which Mrs. Corklemore could not at all understand,—why should he be going to London so, and wanting to go again, in spite of domestic emergencies? She very soon satisfied herself that Rosa was really in the dark upon this point, and very indignant at being so. This indignation must be fostered and pointed to a practical end. Mrs. Kettledrum, of course, had been kept in the background all this time, and scarcely allowed to dandle the baby, for fear of impairing her sister's triumph.

"How wonderfully kind and thoughtful of you! Have you really brought me a glass of wine? And no one else in the house to suppose that I ought to have any nourishment! How can I thank you, Mrs. Corklemore?"

"No more 'Mrs. Corklemore,' if you please. I have begun to call you 'Rosa'—it is such a pretty name—and you must call me 'Georgie,' darling. Every one does who loves me."

"Then I am sure all the world must. Dearest Georgie, how did you get it? I am sure I would not touch it, only for your sake."

"Oh, I did such a shameful thing. Such a liberty I never took before! I actually sent the servant to say, with Mrs. Corklemore's compliments, that she felt the effect of the fright this morning, and would like another glass of port, but would not touch it if any of the gentlemen left the table even for a moment. And they actually sent me a dock-glass, in pleasantry, I suppose: but I am very glad they did."

"I will take some, if you take half, dear."

"Not a drop. My poor weak head is upset in a moment. But you really need it, dear; and I can so thoroughly feel for you, because the poor Count, when my Flore was born, waited on me with such devotion, day and night, hand and foot."

"And I am sure Mr. Corklemore must do the same. No husband could help adoring you."

"Oh, he is very good, 'according to his lights,' as they say. But I have known him let me cough three times without getting up for the jujubes. And once—but perhaps I ought not to tell you: it was so very bad."

"Oh, you may safely tell me, dear. I will never repeat it to any one."

"He actually allowed me to sneeze in the carriage without saying that I must have a new cloak, or even asking if I had a cold."

"Oh, dear, is that all? I may sneeze six times in an hour, and my husband take no notice, but run out and leave the front door open, and prune his horrid little trees. And then he shouts for his patent top-dressing. He thinks far more of dressing them than he does of dressing me."

"And don't you know the reason? Don't cry, sweet child; don't cry. I have had so much experience. I understand men so thoroughly."

"Oh, yes, I know the reason. I am cross to him sometimes. And of course I can't expect a man with a mind like his—"

"You may expect any man to be as wise as Solomon if you only know how to manage him. It is part of the law of nature."

"Then I am sure I don't know what that means: except that people must get married, and ought to love one another."

"The law of nature is this, between a wife and a husband there never must be a secret; except when the lady keeps one. Now, your husband is, to some extent, a rather superior man—"

"Oh, yes, to the very greatest extent. No one of any perception can help perceiving that."

"Then he is quite sure to attempt it; to reserve himself, upon *some* point, in an unsympathetic attitude. This is just what you must not allow. You have no idea how it grows upon them, and how soon it supplants affection, and makes a married man a bachelor."

"Oh, how dreadful! But I really do think, dear, that you must be wrong this once. My husband has never kept anything from me; anything, I mean, which I ought to know."

"Then he told you about Polly? How very good and kind of him!"

"Polly! What Polly? You don't mean to say—"

"No, no, dear. Only the mare running away with him at night through the thickest part of the forest."

"My Polly that eats from my hand! Run away with Rufus!"

"Yes, your Polly. A perfect miracle that both of them were not killed. But, of course, he must have told you."

Then, after sundry ejaculations, Rosa learned all about that matter, and was shocked first, and then thankful, and then hurt.

"And now," said Mrs. Corklemore, when the sense of wrong was paramount, "he has some secret, I am almost sure, about our sad affair at Nowelhurst. And I am sure, even if you were not his wife, dear, he need not conceal any matter of that sort from the daughter of Sir Cradock Nowell's old friend, Mr. Ralph Mohorn."

"I will tell you another thing,"

answered Rosa, shaking all her pillows with the vehemence of her emotions, "whether he ought or not, he shall not do it, Georgie, darling. As sure as I am his lawful wife I will know every word of it before I sleep one wink. If not, he must take the consequences upon both his wife and child."

"Darling, I think you are quite right. Only don't tell me a word of it. It is such a dreadful matter, it would make me so unhappy—"

"I will tell you every single word, just to prove to you, Georgie, that I have found the whole of it out."

After this laudable resolution, Rosa may be left to have it out with Rufus. It requires greater skill than ours to interfere between man and wife, even without the *tertium quid* of an astounding baby.

The ides of March were come and gone, the balance of day and night was struck; and Sleep, the queen of half the world, had wheeled across the equator her poppy-chintzed throne, or had got the stars to do it for her, because she was too lazy. Ha, that sentence is almost worthy of a great stump-ordinator. All I mean to say is, that All Fools' day was over. Blessed are the All Fools who begin the summer (which accounts for its being a mull with us); and blessed be the All Saints who begin the winter, and then hand it over to Beelzebub.

"In April she tunes her bill." Several nightingales were at it, for the spring was early, and right early were many nests conned, planned, and contracted for. Blessed birds, that never say, "What are your expectations, sir?" or "How much will you give your daughter?"—but feather their nests without waiting for an appointment in the Treasury. Nest-eggs, too, almost as sweet as those of addled patronage, were beginning to accumulate; and it took up half a bird's time to settle seniority and precedence among them, fettle them all with their heads the right way, and throw overboard the cracked ones. Perhaps, in this last particular, they exercised a discretion,

not only unknown to, but undreamed of, by any British Government.

It was nearly dark by this time, and two nightingales, across the valley, strove in Amoibean song till the crinkles of the opening leaves fluttered with soft melody.

"In poplar shadows Philomel complaineth of
her brood,
Her callow nestlings plunder'd from her by
the ploughman rude:
From lonely branch all night she pours her
weeping music's flow,
Repeats her tale, and fills the world with
melody and woe."

Georg. iv. 511.

Mr. Garnet heeded neither crisp young leaf nor bulbul; neither did his horse appear to be a judge of music. Man and horse were drooping, flagging, jaded, and bespent; wanting only the two things which, according to some philosophers, are all that men want here below—a little food, and a deal of sleep.

Bull Garnet was on his return from Winchester, whither he now went every week, for some reason known only to himself, or at least unknown to his family. It is a long and hilly ride from the west of Ytene to Winton, and to travel that distance twice in a day takes the gaiety out of a horse, and the salience out of a man. No wonder then that Mr. Garnet slouched his heavy shoulders, and let his great head droop; for at five-and-forty a powerful man jades sooner than does a slight one.

Presently he began to drowse; for the stout grey gelding knew every step of the road, and would take uncommonly good care to avoid all circumambience: and of late the rider had never slept, only dozed, and dreamed, and started. Then he muttered to himself, as he often did in sleep, but never at home, until he had seen to the fastening of the door.

"Tried it again,—tried very hard, and failed. Thought of Bob, at last moment. Bob to stand, and see me hang—and hate me, and go to the devil. No, I don't think he would hate me though; he would say, 'Father

could not help it.' And how nice that would be for me, to see Bob take my part. To see him with his turn-down collars standing proudly up, and saying, 'Father was a bad man—according to your ideas—I am not going to dispute them—but for all that I love him, and so my children shall.' If I could be sure that Bob would only think so, only make his mind up, his mind up, his mind up—for there is nothing like it—whoa, Grayling, what be looking at?—and take poor little Pearl with him, I would go to-morrow morning, and do it over at Lymington."

"Best do it to-night, gov'nor. No time like the praynt, and us knows arl about it."

A tall man had leaped from behind a tree, and seized Bull Garnet's bridle. The grey gelding reared, and struck him; but he kept his hold, till the muzzle of a large revolver felt cold against his ear. Then Issachar Jupp fell back; he knew the man he had to deal with, how stern in his fury, how reckless, despite the better part of him. And Issachar was not prepared to leave his Loo an orphan.

"No man robs me," cried Mr. Garnet, in his most tremendous voice, "except at the cost of my life, and the risk of his. I have seven and sixpence about me; I will give it up to no man. Neither will I shoot any man, unless he tries to get it."

"Nubboddy wants to rob you, gov'nor, only to have a little rattysination with you. Possible you know me now?"

Bull Garnet fell back in his saddle. He would rather have met a dozen robbers. By the voice he recognised a man whom he had once well known, and had good cause to know;—through his outrage upon whom, he had left the northern counties; the man whom he had stricken headlong down the coal-shaft, as the leader of rebellion, the night after Pearl was christened, nigh twenty years ago.

"Yes, I know you; Jupp your name is. Small credit it is to know you."

"And smarer still to know you, Bull Garnet. Try your pistol thing,

if you like. You must have rare stomach, I should think, to be up for another murder."

"Issachar, I am sorry for you. Do you call it a murder to have defended myself against you?"

"No, I dunna carl that a murder, because I be arl alive. But I do carl a murder what you did to young Clayton Nowell."

"Fool, what do you know of it? Let go my horse, I say. You know pretty well what I am."

"I know you ha'n't much patience, gov'nor, and be arlways in a hurry." Jupp hesitated, but would not be beaten, whatever might be the end of it.

"I am in no hurry now, Jupp; I will listen to all you have to say. But not with your hand on my bridle."

"There goeth free then. Arl knows you be no liar."

"I am glad you remember that, Issachar. Hold the horse, while I get off. Now throw the bridle over that branch, and I will sit down here. Come here into the moonlight, man; and look me in the face. Here is the pistol for you, if you bear me any revenge."

Scarcely knowing what he did, because he had no time to think, Jupp obeyed Bull Garnet's orders even to the last,—for he took the pistol in his hand, and tried to look straight at his adversary; but his eyes would not co-operate. Then he laid the pistol on the bank; but so that he could reach it.

"Issachar Jupp," said Mr. Garnet, looking at him steadily, and speaking very quietly; "have you any children?"

"Only one—a keetle girl, but an uncommon good un."

"How old is she?"

"Five year old, please God, come next Valentine's-day."

"Now, when she grows up, and is pure and good, would you like to have her heart broken?"

"I'd break any cove's head as doed it."

"But supposing she were betrayed, and ruined, made a plaything, and then thrown away—what would you do then?"

"God Almighty knows, man. I can't abide to think of it."

"And if the—the man who did it, was the grandson of the man who had ruined your own mother, lied before God in the church to her, and then left her to go to the workhouse, with you his outcast bastard,—while he rolled in gold, and laughed at her—what would you do then, Jupp?"

"By the God that made me, I'd have my revenge, if I went to hell for it."

"I have said enough. Do exactly as you please. Me you cannot help or

harm. Death is all I long for—only for my children."

Still he looked at Issachar, but now without a thought of him; only as a man looks out upon the sea or sky, expecting no return. And Issachar Jupp, so dense, and pigheaded,—surly and burly, and weasel-eyed,—in a word, retrospectively British,—gazing at Bull Garnet then, got some inkling of an anguish such as he who lives to feel—far better were it for that man that he had never been born.

To be continued.

FRIDRICH RÜCKERT.

EARLY in February our newspapers took notice of the death of the German poet Friedrich Rückert, at the age of seventy-seven. "He died," it is said, "a happy and contented man, at his own estate of Neuses, near Coburg, where he had spent the latter part of his life." The voice of German poetry has made itself so little heard in the circles of European fame since Tieck and Uhland, the magnate of its second and inferior stage of glory, ceased their utterances, that there were perhaps many students among us unacquainted with the fact that one of no common merit was lately residing near the little capital of Saxe-Coburg: one who, having spent a long life in the devoted cultivation of the minstrel's art, still gave himself, in strict and somewhat whimsical seclusion, to the service of the muse he had worshipped so constantly; and in the imaginative isolation of his existence, in his daring experiments of metre and rhythm, and generally in his professional feeling as an artist working at the technicalities of his art, might have reminded us somewhat of our own patriarchal poet Wordsworth, and of our present poet-laureate as well. As regards the character of his genius, the poetic gift itself, he might have reminded us also in some measure of both. He had the homely friend-

ship for inanimate nature and simple moralities which distinguished Wordsworth, while at the same time he shared with Tennyson, to a greater degree than any other poet we know, that sensibility which connects the varying aspects of the external world at once with emotions, or visions, of the soul, and the gift of expressing it in happily chosen language.

Freimund Reimar was the name by which Rückert was at one time wont to call himself in poetic *alias*. He was born in 1789; and became, in 1826, Professor of Oriental Languages at Erlangen, where he published his collected poems in 1834. The whole mass of his poems is very voluminous. A selection published in 1834, carefully arranged in books and subjects, fills a closely printed volume of 700 pages. Rückert seems to have exposed his lyre to the winds, to catch every passing breeze that might by any chance draw a tone from it, so varied are the topics among which he ranges, so multiform are his pieces in size and structure. He sometimes woos the Oriental muse; sometimes the epigrammatic and didactic muse: at other moments he shouts the cry of battle. The politics of the old war time are represented in his "Zeitgedichte:" allegories, legends, Christian hymns, find

place in his "Pantheon:" foreign scenery is idealized in his "Wanderungen:" domestic life and every-day incident are described in his "Haus- und Jahrslieder." As a natural consequence of the wide eclecticism of his poetic talent, his verses sometimes suffer from a comparison with those of earlier masters in this or that specific field. Thus his rhymed proverbial sentences have not the vigour of those of Goethe: his ballads have scarcely the ring of Uhland's and Schiller's: his war-songs are less inspiring than Körner's. Still he is very far from being a mere imitator in any branch of the art which he takes up. In each of them he preserves his own special merit of great delicacy of touch and choice of language. We know no German poet—scarcely even Goethe—who shows such power of wedding the sound of words to the mood of the mind as he does, when that mood is what Coleridge defined as the *sensuous* apprehension of Nature's aspects. Observe that this is something distinct from the mood which uses Nature as an illustration of high themes: distinct too from that which consciously frames a description of Nature and then fits a moral or imaginative theme to it. What Rückert felt, and what our own poet Tennyson feels, and what both have so well described, is the suggestive relation which Nature bears to human emotion, and the natural expression of this relation, whether in the impulses of simple feeling, or in the fanciful creations of ancient mythology and of modern allegory.

It is this mood that foreign travel seems more particularly adapted to set off, because Nature, seen under new aspects, prompts the craving for some ideal to which to attach its phenomena, with more alacrity than when seen only under familiar aspects. In this respect the classic lands of the South possess prerogatives beyond all others: and here we have a few general observations to offer.

The contact of the German mind with the art and nature of Italy just at the period when the poetic instinct was

most powerful in German literature, has resulted in a special development of the modern sense of beauty both in painting and poetry. The alliance of the romantic with the classical; the action of the meditative mind of the North on the sensual beauty of the South: this is the conjunction whose issue we contemplate in the criticisms of Lessing and Winckelmann, in the paintings of Overbeck and Cornelius, in the poetry of Goethe and Rückert.

How far we English are indebted to the Germans for the poetic sensibility we are proud of displaying on subjects concerning Southern art and nature, it may be difficult to say. Some few travellers—Beckford is the most conspicuous instance—may have given indications of it at as early a period as Goethe himself; but assuredly as a general feeling it awoke later with us than with them—later than we are at all apt to suppose. Not absolutely the *interest* in such subjects—that we are not questioning; but the enthusiasm, the sentiment, the poetic way of viewing them, which is taken for granted as a necessary form of modern cultivation. To this, as a marked feature in English history, we shall hardly be wrong in assigning a date contemporaneous with Lord Byron's "Childe Harold." Our old tourists and investigators into the history and antiquities of the Peninsula, were for the most part very business-like folk. Most praiseworthy was their diligence in collecting works of art, coins, gems, statues, pictures; most carefully did they collate their travels with the descriptions of localities and events in the Latin classics: but of poetic sensibility as a creative impulse in their own minds reacting upon the ideas thus acquired, they were wholly destitute. Eustace and Brydone and Sir William Hamilton were worthy forerunners of a race of antiquarians and topographers who may stand comparison with those of any other country: but they were not themselves touched with the fire of poetic sentiment, nor were their labours supplemented by any vivid enkindling of the reproductive imagina-

tion on the part of others of their compatriots. Our painters again, who sought for improvement in the South, went not beyond the directly imitative or instructive results which study of the great masters is calculated to produce. Sir Joshua Reynolds among the prophets of new æsthetic visions! As well, almost, might one expect a Hayley to write a "Faust."

The peace of 1815, however, drove a fresh race of tourists to Italy: and by that time there had been a new birth of taste in English letters. The names of Lessing and Goethe were becoming familiar to our ears. Madame de Staël, as well known to English as to French readers, had studied the great German authors, and had vented her own Italian enthusiasm in "Corinne." The fourth canto of "Childe Harold" and the verses of Shelley furnished for English travellers just the stimulus which brings sentiment into fashion. Henceforth books of travel were addressed very much to this popular taste; and "Diaries of an Invalid," and "Diaries of an Ennuyé," and countless rhapsodies about the art and scenery and classical associations of the South, of divers degrees of merit, took the place of the matter-of-fact investigations of the old tourists. Our Transatlantic cousins have taken to this branch of topographical sentiment with no less zeal than ourselves. Americans are never so loquacious as when they get on the ground of old-world description and sentiment; and the more classical the subject, the better they are pleased.

But to return. The sensibility of the Germans had, as we have said, struck this vein of ore long before it had been clearly recognised by the English mind.

When Rückert visited Italy, some forty or fifty years later than the period of Goethe's visit, the analogy of circumstances as well as of genius may have contributed, one would suppose, a little to his inspiration. For there was a colony of German painters still there, with whom he found himself on a footing of convivial intimacy. To Tischbein

and Hackert had succeeded Cornelius, Overbeck, and their fellows: a German commonwealth of art, flourishing on Tiber's banks:—

"Die am Tiberufer blüh'nde
Deutsche Künstler Republik."

And one difference, it may be said in passing, which strikes us on comparing the tone of Rückert's Italian poems with that of the poems and letters of Goethe, is the growth, in the interval, of that German national spirit which the events of the revolutionary war had called forth. The Rhine and Fatherland, as invoked in Rückert's addresses to his artistic compatriots, were ideas unknown to Goethe in 1790—little enough appreciated by him when he did become familiar with them indeed; but had his youth instead of his elder age fallen on the days of 1813, perhaps Goethe himself would have been a patriot.

Our purpose now is to lay before the reader some specimens of Rückert's verse which have his impressions from Italian scenes for their subject. In presenting them under the form of an English translation, it is obvious that we must stipulate for considerable deductions from the balance of beauty to be found in the original; and the more so, as one of Rückert's chief merits, as we have already stated, is his command of mellifluous language, and nice tact in adjusting sound to sense. Indeed, to our mind, the rhythm itself of his poems seems to constitute part of their interpretation. However, we venture to think there is sufficient approximation to the spirit and sound of his stanzas in the following versions to convey a good idea of them to the English mind. The first, the "Four Visions," is an apt instance of his skill in blending that mystical solution of Nature's phenomena which was the groundwork of the ancient mythology, with the exaltation of the romantic temperament.

FOUR VISIONS. (*Vier Gesichte.*)

"I groped within Vesuvius' hidden cave,
And stood beside the forge of Vulcan old:
There toiled the Cyclops at the ore he gave,
And wrought thereof a chain of purest
gold:

And Aphrodite watched, with envious eyes,
With Cupid at her side, her urchin blind:
From the grim workmen's hands he snatched
the prize,
And flew, its links around the world to
bind.

"I swam, in dolphin shape, 'mid ocean's deep;
And saw, uplifted by the billows' dance,
From shimmering grottoes of her crystal
keep,
Demurely bent, a radiant form advance.
Nereids and Tritons, clustering round her
march,
Impelled her mussel-chariot o'er the main:
They led their triumph-course round Earth's
wide arch,
And vanished on its downward slope again.

"I soared, a bird of heaven, in ether's blue:
Sunk was the sun, with all his pomp of
fire:
Within the star of eve there rose to view
The fairest of the fair, and struck her lyre:
The circling spheres in rapt attention muse,
And lead the mystic dance in solemn round;
Silent they move; the while refreshing dew
Fall on earth's fainting flowers and
parched ground.

"I sank to earth: and saw in Paphos' grove
The goddess, who her darling youth
caressed,—
He was her all; all in her world of love:—
Then came the boar, and pierced his gentle
breast.
Fast o'er the snow-white roses streamed his
gore
And dyed their petals with ensanguined
rain,—
The goddess spake: Go, children; evermore
My grief with ruddy drops the world shall
stain.

"Then to my heart I said: A dream was all,
Whose hidden sense 'twere easy to explain:
Love weaves a bridle for this earthly ball,
And all Creation feels the mystic chain.
Love fills with joys of blest imagining
Earth's hidden caves, the sparkling foam
of ocean,
Fills Heaven's expanse, the blooming fields
of Spring,
With roscate sweets, and sorrow's sweet
commotion."

Next we will select a few of those
charming sonnets which Rückert has
entitled his "Sicilianen." It is in Tenny-
son's verse only, we repeat, that we can
find a counterpart to these melodious
communings with the witching spirit of
the South. Shelley is too vague; Keats
is not sufficiently musical; Goethe is
too self-conscious; Wordsworth is too
cold: Rückert has the gift of projecting

himself into the world of dreams, of
which the outer world of beauty is to
him but the transparent veil, with a
sympathetic touch which Tennyson only
seems to share with him.

SICILIANEN.

"Come, fair one, come, and quit Palermo's
walls;
Come to thy rural home by Spring arrayed;
Come from the clanging streets, the pompous
halls,
Leave the town's tumults for this tranquil
glade.
Come, cavil with the Nightingale's complaint,
Exult with the Cicada's merry lays,
Rest thee or revel with the wood-nymphs
quaint:
Leave Comedy, and live Idyllic days!

"Come, come! the pine-tree tends her verdant
shield
To guard thy lily hues from mid-day's fire;
The smooth-faced fountain will her mirror
yield
To charms she knows thy proneness to
admire.
Suffer the dainty zephyr to draw nigh
And fold thy raiment in his soft embraces:
Come—and for once seek Nature's ministry:
Forget the Town and all her toilet-graces!

"I, Zephyr, to the soft siesta call:
E'en I can scarce the slumbrous spell
withstand:
The Naiads, drunk with sleep, their urns let
fall,
Whose streamlets murmur o'er the glowing
sand.
The Dryads sleep their sleep 'twixt holt
and hollow,
While grasshoppers their noon-tide carols
tune.
Come—where the scorching sunbeams may
not follow:
Sleep! for all slumber in this land of noon.

"I saw a vessel wreck'd 'mid winds and waters;
And as it sank within its billowy grave,
The sea grew still: calm shone the heavenly
quarters,
And Galatea sang, and smoothed the
wave:
O ye who live, live on! what further bide ye!
And ye who sleep, rest from Life's toil-
some day;
Build new the bark—and let the steersman
guide ye,
With Hope's soft breeze to waft you on
your way.

"Deep in the dark blue sea an altar stands;
With pearls and corals rich its walls are
dight:

There, once a year, conjoined in marriage-bands

Mermen and maidens nuptial honour plight.

The brides wear tresses long of sea-green hair,

Their eyes, like crystal spars, cold glances cast ;

A holy priest breathes blessings on each pair,
'Mid pealing organs of the loud sea-blast."

The poetry of travel, divested of any associations save those of personal feeling, is again another form of sentiment with which Rückert deals most happily. He recognises the charm of a new love in the wanderer's attachment to places where emotion has chronicled some epoch in his experiences. The sentiment of an old love to haunts and homes has often been sung. The sentiment of an impression from hitherto unknown scenes of nature has often been sung ; not so often that peculiar sentiment which all who have travelled much must be well acquainted with, of a new property in scenes, the very novelty of which quickens the perception of their character and features, and gives to them an interest partly of their own, and partly of the personal life which has been transacted while they were fresh enough to form a sort of *memoria technica* for its events and feelings.

DEPARTURE. (*Abschied*.)

"Ye swelling hills, and valleys deep and still,
A region Stranger to my heart sometime,
Which home and home's enchantments ne'er might fill,

While yet it languished for a distant clime :

Now when at last those vain desires are hushed,

When home and all its joys once more are born,

When from new founts, new tides of joy have gushed—

See me perforce from your allurements torn.

Ye hills and valleys, take my fond adieu !
Where shall I find what I have found in you ?

Farewell—I bid farewell with sorrow true.

"O garden, rich with leaf-embowered glades ;
Vainly thou sought'st, throughout one laggard year,

To woo my exiled soul to love thy shades,
Still to my pining sense a desert drear.

And now, when as by spell of magic-might
Thy verdure flashes on my freshened sense,—

Thy roses bloom luxuriant to my sight—

Fate summons me, and I must speed from hence.

Lo ! as I grasp my pilgrim-staff once more,

'Tis dry as when I trode these paths of yore.

Farewell ! I bid farewell with sadness sore.

"O silent lake ! athwart whose waters clear

The swan cleaves furrows as he onward speeds

Circling his island, where his lady dear

Sits brooding 'mid the sedge and tangled weeds ;

How long, O swan, have I thus watched thee plough

The stream, and wept new waters to its surge !

The shadowy form once seen has fled ; and thou

Silent art listening to my swan-like dirge.

O rippling waves that are my tears of old,

Mirror of joys and longings manifold,

Farewell ! I say farewell with grief untold.

"O town, bedecked with glittering roofs and towers,

Who to a thankless guest once oped thy gate,

And gave me shelter in my outcast hours,

But couldst not gild my solitary fate ;

Now, when a living fountain from your stones

Wells forth, to give refreshment to my soul,

Needs must I quit thee. Hide my parting moans,

And let your thickening vapours o'er them roll.

Those sighs I once breathed out from thee in vain,

Now shall the distance sigh to thee again,

Farewell ! behold me part with heartfelt pain.

"O hill and valley, garden, lake, and town,
True heaven to me, best heaven that fate

can give,

But once a desert with a desert's frown,

Where long I deemed it banishment to live ;

Now when thy aspect all has changed anew,
And life's most fertile tree her boughs

hath drest,

Dream-like thou passest from my fading view,

I go, and take no leaflet from its crest.

O town, O lake, O garden, hill and dell,

May golden sunshine on thy morrows dwell !

Spare, spare my anguish, in this last farewell !"

The last poem we offer is from that part of his selection which Rückert has entitled his "Haus- und Jahrlieder." It is not one of those pieces in which any special attention to delicacy of rhythm is

a difficulty in the translator's way. It is a homely picturesque bit of out-door moralizing, something in the way of Wordsworth's minor poems.

THE CEMETERY IN THE WILDERNESS.

(Der Gottesacker in der Wildniss.)

"As I walked along on the forest's edge,
A desolate burial-place I found;
No walls it had; and its only pledge
Was a broken monument on the ground.

"An aged man in the sweat of his brow
Was digging a grave: 'My friend,' quoth I,
'What is the reason, pray tell me now,
That no walls surround this cemetery?'

"He leant on his spade, and prepared to speak,

Wiping the drops that were ready to fall;
'The reason,' he said, 'is not far to seek;
This stronghold needs no guardian wall.

"For men build walls, I have always been told,

To guard their treasure from thieves' surprise,

Or else their prisoners safe to hold,
That they may not elude the gaoler's eyes.

"But the captives who sleep in this safe spot,
Have long forgotten the wish to roam:
And no thief who lives outside, God wot,
Cares to break into this silent home!"

L. A. M.

THE BLACK CROSS.

TOWARDS the close of the summer of 1848, I was invited by a dear friend to accompany him to a part of Bohemia which I had not hitherto seen, although I had resided many years in the country, and traversed it in various directions.

In the contrast which it offered to the towns and populous districts of Bohemia in that memorable revolutionary year, it formed the fittest place for repose we possibly could desire. Contrast is an acknowledged promoter of distinctness of perception, and probably a few glances at the welcome scenery sufficed to teach me more of its character than had entered into the consciousness of any hoary-headed peasant of the neighbourhood in a life-long acquaintance with it.

The more I climbed and looked around me, the greater was the pleasure I derived. But although the grandeur of the scenery had an elevating effect, the great extent of dark forest made a melancholy impression on the mind, and disposed to reveries partaking of that character. In this mood, seated upon a rocky eminence, and using a telescope to become better acquainted with the details of the picture, I remarked upon an isolated ledge of rock rising above the forest trees, an ominous-looking black cross. Nearer to the monastery, on other rocks over-

hanging mountain paths, larger and brighter crosses were likewise to be seen, serving no doubt as stations for rest and prayer to the pilgrims on their way to the shrine. But the smaller black cross, quite amongst the pines, and far from the tracks of men, seemed to have some history of its own, to be a record of some dire misfortune, or deed of blood. A presentiment of its meaning flashed across my mind, and the curiosity it aroused I determined, if possible, on my return to the village to gratify.

The following tale will serve to embody the information I received.

About twenty-five years anterior to the date of my visit to Lieberwerda, there was born in the town of Friedland a girl whose father was the apothecary, and one of the principal citizens of the place. She was an only child, and from early infancy had been remarkable for beauty, and sweetness of disposition. As she grew up, in the soft and earnest glance of her dark eyes, a thoughtfulness and depth of feeling seemed to speak, which exercised a fascinating influence over all around. Years rolled on, the child expanded into the full-grown virgin; her mind accumulated impressions from without. The romantic old castle frowning upon the quaint and quiet town cannot have

been without influence on the dawning imagination of the girl. Man is said to be the creature of circumstances, and an old German proverb on the other hand says, "An ounce from the mother has more value than a pound from the school." Either view contains deep truth, but neither can be taken as the sole and absolute key to human conduct. For the right comprehension of individual character, the inborn and hereditary disposition is the first and most important point to be attended to; for however much it may be modified by circumstances, it is the framework which displays its peculiar fashion through life. There are some natures, however, so soft and pliant, that the methodical and casual education of school and circumstances will appear mainly to give the colouring to their history. It was not so with Rosalie, our heroine; most decidedly not as far as her inward life was concerned. By nature she was affectionate, and disposed to concentration of feeling and thought, as her full and straight brow, her long, finely-arched, and backward-curving head, would have disclosed to the eyes of a practised phrenologist.

There are girls so fond of amusement, and of variety of occupation, so vain and frivolous, so soon tired by continuous work, that no regularity or earnestness of their surrounding circumstances can give them a serious turn. Rosalie was the opposite of these, and the quiet and uniformity, almost amounting to stagnation, of the world around her, harmonized but too well with her inborn disposition, strengthening it in its bias. Her education, in the usual sense of the word, had been carefully attended to; kind parents had watched over it, and her instinctive tendency to respond to love and affection had met with sufficient encouragement for its growth. Before the attainment of her sixteenth year, already had she attracted the attention of the young men of the neighbourhood, and whenever she went abroad had been received as the acknowledged belle of her native town. Yet she displayed no sign of

vanity, and seemed rather to shrink from than to court admiration. She was not seventeen years of age when her health declined. Perhaps more variety in her mode of life, more stimulus from without, were necessary; perhaps her pallid looks and languor were but the not unusual consequences of the transition from girlhood to womanhood. Whatever the cause might be, her anxious parents believed that some change was necessary, and it was decided that she should go with her mother to drink the strengthening waters of Liebwärda.

At that time this little Bohemian watering-place enjoyed a greater reputation than at present; the great thermal and mineral-water magnates of the country—Carlsbad, Marienbad, &c.—had not so completely thrown it into the shade. On the arrival of the apothecary's wife, the inns and lodging-houses of the place were all nearly filled with guests. In that otherwise quiet valley, soon after break of day, a mixed crowd collected in the neighbourhood of the springs, to walk about in the intervals of drinking, chatting or listening to a band of musicians posted in the centre of the square promenade.

The principal well is strong in iron and carbonic acid gas, and has a powerfully stimulating effect on the brain and nervous system. All who undergo a so-called "cure," find, as a rule, their more prominent mental qualities brought into unusual activity. Thus the vain will be more than ever disposed to court admiration; the proud and passionate will become more irritable, and intolerant of opposition to their wishes; whilst kind and loving dispositions will cling more tenderly to the objects of their affections, form new friendships, or indulge in day dreams in accordance with their nature.

The advent of a young and lovely girl amongst these morning promenaders naturally excited much attention, and the men, especially, did willing homage to her fascinating exterior.

Amongst the visitors to the place, were two brothers, officers in the

Prussian army. Though both were young, yet, in consequence of some constitutional weakness, they had been sent for a time from a hot and dusty garrison in the sandy plains of Prussia, to drink the strengthening waters of Liebwärda, and breathe its pure mountain air, tempered by the aroma of the pine forests over which it sweeps. They were in the same regiment, the elder brother about twenty-three, the younger only nineteen years of age. Both were slender and handsome, with dark brown hair and greyish eyes.

In the elder brother these mirrors of the soul, as they are not inaptly called, had a somewhat unsteady, and at times disagreeably sharp and sinister expression. In the younger, however, with a bluer tinge, the expression of the eyes was softer and more concentrated. Both were proud and reserved, though in the younger brother these qualities were moderated by genuine kindness of heart.

The brothers were sincerely attached to one another, but the elder had always been accustomed to take the lead in the affairs of life in which both were concerned. Although, in general, he was outwardly calm and self-possessed, yet he was nervously susceptible and suspicious; and occasionally, when offended, or checked in his desires, irritability would break forth with an almost overwhelming force. Military discipline, the necessity of obedience, had imparted to him self-control in the presence of his superiors, but he was not loved by his comrades, or those under his command. Towards his younger brother, however, his despotic temper was curbed by his affection, and that satisfaction which proud natures derive from an undisputed sense of superiority and influence over others.

These young officers soon sought and obtained an introduction to the belle of Friedland, and both in a short time felt more than a common interest in the possessor of such physical and moral charms. The poor girl, though ignorant of love and all its ways, was not long in perceiving that her new acquaintances paid her more than usual attention;

that, in fact, she had unwittingly excited a commotion in their hearts. Whether, and if so to what extent, she responded to the feelings of either of the brothers, was known only to herself. It was believed, however, by the observers of their morning promenades, that for the younger much warmth of feeling had been awakened in her heart; and, alas for her future peace, the elder brother thought so likewise.

Too proud to speak to Adolf—for so was the younger named—of his feelings, of his distracting suspicions, he gave way to moody broodings and irritability with all around, indulging in that wretched kind of pleasure, known to many of his egotistical turn of mind, of consciously tormenting himself whilst inflicting pain on another. Rosalie, young and inexperienced as she was, may have had some intuitive feeling of what was working in the young man's mind. She strove therefore by gentleness and reserve to give no cause of offence, and particularly to avoid walking alone with Adolf.

One unusually fine afternoon a little excursion was arranged by some of the visitors at the baths, to a distant forester's house, where coffee was to be taken. The Friedland citizen's wife, her lovely daughter, and the two officers were of the party. On the way to the place of their destination, the elder brother was constant in his attentions to the fair Rosalie, and appeared to be far more cheerful than was his wont. On the return, however, another lady had drawn him into attendance at her side, whilst the younger brother kept in the neighbourhood of the fair one. In crossing one of those numerous little rills, which, wherever there is an indenture in the mountain sides, trickle down through the forest glades to swell the larger stream below, a tributary of ocean-destined Elbe, a profusion of lovely forget-me-nots were seen blooming on a green and boggy sward, a kind of oasis amid a *débris* of rocks. Rosalie incautiously expressed her admiration of those pretty flowers. What more natural than for Adolf to hasten to

gather a bunch, and present it to her? This little act did not escape the jealous eye of the brother in the rear. The young girl carried the flowers in her hand, and continued to do so the rest of the way. But on nearing the house where she resided, and before she took leave of her companions, she unconsciously placed the bunch in her girdle, and on that side, too, nearest to her heart. Our great poet, and others versed in human nature, have too well expressed the influence of trifles on the jealous, to permit of further observations on the well-worn theme.

"The green-eyed monster" now fairly took possession of Otto's soul, choking his better feelings. The brothers walked in silence to their lodgings, which they no sooner reached, than the elder, in a voice hoarse with ill-suppressed passion, announced to his companion that he was going back to the forest to look for his signet ring, which he said he had been playing with, and had lost by the way. He would retrace his steps, he declared, and try to make good his loss before he went to bed. He peremptorily refused the offer of his brother's company, adding, that should he be late he could enter his room on the ground-floor by the open window, and see his brother in the morning. The tone in which these words were spoken jarred upon Adolf's feelings, and left a painful impression on his mind. Still, as he had no suspicion of his brother's real motive for hurrying out again, he expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement.

Otto now sallied forth, back to the woods and the mountain streams. Amidst the blocks of granite and gneiss, which are there plentifully scattered about, he wandered without purpose, a burning pain in his brow, a cold choking agony in his heart; one dreadful feeling having full possession of his distempered, maddened brain. Yes! distempered, maddened; we use the words in full consciousness of their meaning: for passion in its ungovernable paroxysms is nothing less than temporary insanity. What thoughts flitted this night through the young

man's brain, what determinations he now formed, now rejected, no one can tell. His natural pride and susceptibility, heightened by the stimulating effects of the mineral waters he had been drinking, led to his working himself into the full conviction that the girl he loved so passionately was lost to him for ever, and that he had a rival, in his own hitherto subordinate brother. Too deficient in moral and kindly feelings to understand the beauty of a calm and resolute self-sacrifice to promote the happiness of others, and too proud to give way to grief, rage and despair filled his heart, and there was no relief to his misery to be found. The night was calm, the moon, near the full, shone soft and bright, unobscured even by passing clouds; no storm, no turmoil without, to stimulate to exertion, and distract attention from within. Now running, now sitting on a piece of rock, his aching forehead resting on his hands, gradually towards morning he retraced his steps, and found himself at last half unconsciously in his apartment. That he had not returned till very late his brother knew, and he felt anxious to learn the cause.

At the usual hour for going to the springs, Adolf arose, and as all was quiet in his brother's room, he supposed him to be asleep, and went out alone. The inns and lodging-houses at Lieberweda are all grouped around the springs, commanding views of the promenades in the central garden of a kind of square. Adolf soon joined his fair companion of the evening before, and was walking by her side, sympathising in her admiration of the golden streaks that the sun, now rising above the mountains, cast upon the intervening woodland slope.

Presently he beheld his brother approaching with hurried unsteady steps, and without a hat. He had something in his hand, and his wild and haggard looks at once filled Rosalie and himself with alarm. Instinctively they stood still, as if transfixed to the ground. It was but for a moment, for the jealous, maddened brother rushed on, and halting before the trembling girl, and mut-

tering some words about removing an impediment to her happiness, he placed a pistol to his breast, fired, and fell dead at her feet.

We drop the curtain on this fearful scene. The consternation and misery it produced may be easily conceived.

Adolf and Rosalie met no more. The swooning girl was carried to her room, and taken back in the evening to her home in Friedland. Time, her friends hoped, would restore peace, to a mind thus rudely shaken, yet without any fault of her own. "Grief that is born of reason," says Metastasio, "partakes of the character of calmness." Misfortunes which we are fated to experience by circumstances beyond our control produce sufferings but small in comparison with those we have to undergo, when the sad consequences of errors fall upon a weak and conscience-stricken soul.

Still, Rosalie's sensitive nature, inclined as she was to concentration of thought and feeling, was slow to recover from the blow it had received. Though the affection of her parents and friends was unaltered, yet to her eyes the world was no longer the same. It was the inward life of the young girl which had received a shock—her day-dreams which had been rudely dissipated. She was like a lovely spring flower which, though still rooted in its native earth, had been bruised in its stem by a storm. One violent, mad act, of a proud, irritable, and selfish man, whose intellectual acquirements, manners, and outward appearance she had found superior to anything she had previously met with in her native town, had shaken her faith in human nature, and in those manly virtues upon which her imagination had delighted to dwell. And then the poor brother, the yet more serious victim of selfish passion!—thoughts of him, and pity for his sufferings, overwhelmed her with grief. That he had emigrated to America she had been told, but in the dark prospect of his future she could see no relief. No wonder, therefore, that her thoughts should turn to the cloister, that she should wish to re-

nounce a world, her first steps into which had proved so disastrous. Her mother unintentionally contributed to this resolve; for regarding her daughter only in the light of one who had been greatly sinned against, she gave way to angry lamentations about the untoward past, and displayed impatience at her daughter's grief. Good housewife as she was herself, she could not understand the continuance of her child's depression and want of interest in the practical duties of every-day life. But Rosalie's father was of a more thoughtful and imaginative nature, and he both comprehended his daughter's state of mind, and entirely sympathised with her. He became aware that a complete change in her outward circumstances was requisite. Before the winter set in, he took her therefore to Prague, to pass some months under the roof of a brother of the same profession as himself, who, with his wife and numerous family, resided in that ancient city.

The expectations of the good man were not disappointed. The following summer his daughter returned to her home, much improved in health and spirits. Intercourse with cheerful cousins of about her own age, and the advice of an enlightened and benevolent priest, the friend of her uncle, had induced her, to the great joy of her parents, to renounce the idea of becoming a nun. Thus was Rosalie restored again to her parents and her home, and able cheerfully to pursue her former daily avocations. Her wound was healed, though a scar remained.

Two quiet years now rolled over her head, not the less happy ones to her, from the absence of stirring events. In the course of this time she had made the acquaintance of a young forester of the neighbourhood, whose heart had been taken captive by her beauty and goodness. He was a man frank and courageous, of kind and modest character; and though, when he first ventured to speak of his love, she withdrew from his advances, declaring that she could never wish to marry, yet in the end she became aware that he was not

indifferent to her, and she yielded to solicitations on the part of her lover, to which the wishes of her parents were earnestly joined.

He was in every way worthy of her affection, being tender without weakness, sensible, and ever active in his profession. This led to his being much abroad; but Rosalie had her household duties to attend to, his dinner to prepare; and who so happy as she, what face so bright as hers, when the hour of his return drew nigh?

The young couple resided in a small and cheerful house, not far from the high road which runs from Liebwerda to Friedland, and close to the rapid stream which flows in the same direction. Their happiness was complete, for, to the joys of reciprocal love, soon was added the bright prospect of its coming pledge.

It would be well could I close here my little history, and leave the mind to dwell on this sunny picture of domestic bliss!

Nearly eight months of married life had passed away in happy uniformity—so happy that, to Rosalie, time seemed to have the eagle's wings—when one day the forester received a letter from a friend of his youth, now residing in the capital, who offered soon to pay him a visit. The offer was joyfully accepted, and Rosalie, proud of her husband and her home, busied herself, in many of those little ways so dear to women, to prepare to do honour to her expected guest. He came, and she had the pleasure of seeing the fine manly qualities of her husband stand out more prominently in intercourse with his townsman friend.

Even grown-up men and women, when they wish to impart pleasure, may be often likened to a little child, that offers the sugar-plum from its mouth to those whom it likes. The forester, anxious to amuse his friend, naturally proposed to him a day's sport in the woods. They were to start together at break of day, and as the weather promised to continue fine, it was arranged that Rosalie, with her

maid, should join the sportsmen at noon, on one of those ledges of rock which tower above the trees, and are favourable for viewing the surrounding country. She was to take with her provisions for the mid-day meal.

At the appointed hour, the forester led his friend to the place of meeting. His beloved Rosalie was already there, and as he drew near he saw her waving her handkerchief in token of a joyful welcome. He hastened his steps, and alas! his friend from the capital, who was unaccustomed to the use of firearms, hurried forward too. The husband approached his wife, and was but a few paces from her, when his companion in the rear, on climbing the last ledge of rock, missed his footing and fell. A barrel of his gun exploded, the shot penetrated the back of the forester, who sank, mortally wounded, to breathe his last in the arms of his wife.

On this second tragical and still more dire occurrence, which Rosalie was doomed to witness, again we drop the curtain, to lift it once more for a moment only.

For many years after the loss of her husband, Rosalie never quitted the premises of her parents, with whom she again resided, taking exercise only after sunset, in the garden at the back of their house. But the originally healthy and well-balanced mind, though twice thus violently shaken, was not untinged. Inborn kindness of heart, a true religious spirit, her duties towards her child, her parents, and the cherished remembrance of her short span of bliss, gave her strength to live.

The wife of the friend whom I had accompanied to Liebwerda, perceiving the deep interest I felt in the heroine of the tragedy she had related to me, offered to take me to call on the apothecary's wife, with whom she was well acquainted. One fine afternoon we drove together to Friedland, and found the family at home. In the course of our visit, the young widow entered the room, leading a lovely little girl by the hand. It was a picture never to be forgotten. I saw before me a face of tran-

Sunbeams on the Sea.—Maria Amelia.

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scendent beauty, pale as an antique marble bust. The eyes, now deeply set, with broad dark rims beneath, gave evidence of a kind and loving nature, and, at the same time, of sufferings long sustained.

I have only to add, that the black cross upon the ledge of rock, which I had originally discovered with my telescope, had been placed by the widow on the spot where her husband had fallen.

SUNBEAMS ON THE SEA.

THERE is no cloud in all the sky,
No shadow on the sea ;
Upon the soft warm sand I lie,
Over my head the sea-gulls fly,
And the white rocks shelter me.

Far off I see blue waters wide,
And wide blue heavens meet,
The broad sun rises ever higher,
And smallest waves, like dancing fire,
Come near and kiss my feet.

Come nearer, nearer, happy waves,
With voices old and new,
Come rippling up the yellow sand,
And break in laughter round my hand,
That I may laugh with you.

The very joy and life of light
Methinks you've sought and won ;

Did you surprise the drowsy morn,
And, when the splendid day was born,
Steal fire-sprites from the sun ?

Yes, from the purple deep you came ;
When, in their home at play,
The little sun-sprites glanced about,
With dripping hands you drew them out,
And carried them away.

Now underneath your mantle blue
I see them whirl and swim :
Are they so glad to be with you,
Or look they at the sun, and do
They long to be with him ?

The rippling waves creep near and near,
All up the golden shore ;
Far, far and wide the sunbeams play,
And what th' unwearied waters say
Makes music evermore.

E. K.

MARIA AMELIA : EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

WHILE Louis Philippe was an exile in England, in the days which followed the French Revolution, he lost one of his younger brothers, the Duke de Montpensier, who lies buried under the vaults of Westminster Abbey. His second brother, the Duke de Pen-thièvre, was suffering also from consumption, and Louis Philippe resolved to take him to a warmer climate. He obtained leave to go to Malta, but not finding the climate quite suited to his brother's complaint, he took him over to Palermo, with the permission of the King of the Two Sicilies. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Maria

Amelia, who was to become his wife. The young Prince was not looked upon with much favour at the Neapolitan Court, where the French Revolution was the object of such bitter hatred ; the general of Gemmapes,* the son of Philippe-Egalité, was considered there almost a Jacobin. In exile and in adversity the young French prince had preserved all the purity of his patriotism ; and, while deploring the crimes and errors of the great Revolution, he did not conceal his admiration for the great principles which it had proclaimed. He was poor, he had no country, no hope ; his very name was

forgotten in the noise and confusion of the wonderful drama which then filled the eyes of the world. But he was brave, highly gifted, and extremely handsome. He fell in love with Maria Amelia; she fell in love with him; and, after some opposition on the part of her family, she was allowed to marry him. Then there began in this island, where fate had thrown the Prince and Princess together, a new chapter of that book wherein history has written so few pages, "*l'amour dans le mariage*." And what a chapter! Even the eloquent words of the English marriage service would seem almost insufficient to express a devotion which, during a half century, experienced such extraordinary tests.

But love and fidelity have taken, in this instance, a political significance. The old dynasty had insulted the morality of France: we cannot think of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. without thinking of their mistresses. Louis Philippe was prepared to represent a new *régime* as much by his domestic virtues as by his political principles. His family had something almost patriarchal in its character. It is only licence and vice which can laugh at the long table where children and grandchildren were every day grouped round the king and his wife, or at the little *table ronde des Tuileries*, where Maria Amelia used to sit during the long evenings, calling from time to time some new person near her, while the king read, wrote, received and sent despatches. The tall caryatides of the Salon des Maréchaux were not gilded in those times, and the queen cared so little about diamonds that she once proposed to the king to have all her *parures* changed into false ones, and to spend their price in charities. "No-body," said she, "will suspect me of wearing false diamonds."

Her dress was, perhaps, too severe and too simple; but, when she walked round the circle of her guests, addressing one after another with an intelligent interest, calling modesty from its shadowy corner, always anxious to show

her appreciation of merit, of virtue, of devotion to her husband, or to her children, she had an air of self-possession, of dignified ease, which may well have forced M. de Talleyrand to say of her, "*C'est la dernière grande dame*."

She was very pious: but her piety was, if I may say so, purely personal; it could not be compared to the religious passion which, under the old *régime* and during the first restoration, had tied *le trône et l'autel*—religious and political interests. Piety, with Maria Amelia, was not a weapon, but a defence: it defended her against the insults of destiny, the injustice of men, the blows of misfortune which fell so often and with so much force on her innocent head. Her religion, while she was on the throne of France, was just the same as when she had no other chapel but that room in Claremont, where every Sunday her children and grandchildren congregated round her before a simple altar to receive the sacraments from a priest who was neither a cardinal nor a bishop. What thoughts must there have crossed her mind during her long exile! Is it a wonder if her soul liked to rise above the troubled horizon of human events, and longed for rest?

Religion and destiny conspired to soften her character, naturally firm and proud, as behoved a grand-daughter of Maria Theresa, with gentleness and indulgence. Anger and hatred had no place in it: she could find an excuse for all faults and all sins. She lately learned with much pain the news of the death of M. Dupin, who had accepted office from Napoleon III. though he had been the friend and counsellor of Louis Philippe. She was so accustomed to him; "it always seemed to her as "if she would again hear his step and "the noise of his shoes." She was adverse, as the king was himself, "to social *executions*," much as she cared for honesty and virtue.

Indulgent as she was, there was about her an air of undoubted authority, which was never lost even in the circle of her own family. It was touching to

see the almost childish deference shown to her by such strong, energetic men as the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke d'Aumale—warriors, men of action, used to command. She was, as it were, the living tie of the *faisceau* of the Orléans. They all felt it: she was not only their mother, she was also their queen.

If I have well understood her character, the dominant passion in her mind was her love to Louis Philippe, a love which her religious instinct had transformed into a sort of religion. She admired him, she had an unbounded confidence in him, and in his superior intellect: her instincts may sometimes have been at variance with his; her heart was thoroughly loyal to him. She accepted the crown in 1830 with resignation rather than with joy, because she cared more for her husband's happiness than he did himself. She found herself, without having ever dreamed of such a destiny, the first queen of the new dynasty, and, by chance, admirably fitted to all the duties and exigencies of her new position. Who better than the niece of Marie Antoinette and the wife of Louis Philippe could reconcile the present and the past? who better than her could show piety on the throne, without any of the political proselytism which had formerly made the religion of the Bourbons so dangerous to liberty? who could better, in her

exalted position, give an example of humble, and I may almost say democratic, virtues?

Maria Amelia lies buried now in the small chapel of Weybridge, dressed with the same gown which she wore when she left France in 1848. How long will she remain there? Will this gown, so old already, have time to fall to tatters before she can be brought with her husband to the empty vaults of Dreux? In its folds lie all the hopes and ambitions of 1830; it was not the queen's fault if all these hopes and ambitions were vain. It was to the last moment her wish that they would once more revive, that justice should be done to her king, to his love of peace, his true liberalism, his humanity; that a new era would re-open in France, when order and liberty might live together for more than eighteen years. It was her firm conviction that the future of her family was intimately connected with the future of constitutional government in France; and each new bud of its already so large genealogical tree, seemed to her a new germ which Providence might some day use for its hidden purposes. The only *fêtes* of her later years, so saddened by death and exile, were the marriages of her grandchildren. She would have had the "Orléans" a legion, and given them all to France, to be used in her service.

THE CAMP IN CANADA.

BY JOHN H. KENNAWAY.

THE proposal last year of a scheme for the Confederation or Federal Union of the British North-American provinces, and the appearance of Col. Jervoise's report on the practicability of the defence of Canada, have of late brought prominently before the public the state of our relations with our colonies in that quarter, and the possibility even of a severance of the tie which at pre-

sent unites us. Close upon the proposal of the scheme followed the visit of the delegates from Canada, to confer with the Government at home; and their views, ably stated in a report drawn up on their return home, and the general attention which the subject has attracted, will, it is hoped, tend to bring about a better understanding of the points at issue.

The question is one hardly second to any in our Imperial policy: it is moreover full of difficulties, of which it is not easy at present to see a practical solution.

The general feeling of people at home seems to be shortly this: "That it is on Canada, and on Canada alone, that the issue depends; that if she is willing to show clearly and indubitably by deeds, no less than by words, her appreciation of our protectorate, we, on our part, shall never be the first to put an end to the connexion."

In the course of a tour through the Canadian provinces last autumn, it was my endeavour to ascertain how far these feelings were reciprocated there, and, if one may trust the almost universal expression of opinion, from Quebec to Toronto, separation will never first be sought by the colony. They say, they are not yet strong enough to stand alone; that the wolf that dwells on the right bank of the Upper St. Lawrence would soon pick a quarrel with the lamb for muddying its waters lower down; nor are they tempted to share the debt or the taxation of their great neighbour. But England not unreasonably requires more than this. She attaches little value to empty professions of loyalty, if unattended by readiness in action, and by some hearty effort on the part of the colony in her own-defence.

To this question we do demand a satisfactory answer, if we are to go on bearing contentedly the burdens—and they are no light ones—imposed upon us by the continuance of our present relationship—the maintenance of troops, the cost of fortifications, a large transport service, and, above all, the increased vulnerability of the empire in the event of any complications arising with the United States.

Has Canada done all that can fairly be expected of her? I think the general impression on our side of the water is that she has not; at any rate, we should find it hard to say that she has. Perhaps this may arise from our misapprehension of her strength and her resources. We find it so difficult to put

ourselves in the position of other people. We look with complacency upon our own exertions, and cannot understand why the like should not be expected from all; and we fall into the mistake, so often made by the rich and prosperous, of regarding every one else as equally well off with themselves. This is hardly fair treatment; it is at any rate not what a son would expect at the hands of his parent, where he looks for encouragement and support rather than a too critical inquiry into his deserts. We are, nevertheless, undoubtedly right to assure ourselves that Canada is doing something; that she is willing to do her best: and it is in the hope of being able to throw some light on her present efforts, and on the temper of her people with regard to her defence, that I would endeavour to describe a visit paid in September last to a camp formed at La Prairie, near Montreal, where we found fifteen hundred men busily engaged in learning all the details of military life.

The idea was due to the Governor-General. He proposed it as a practical test of the efficiency acquired by the cadets in the military colleges; as a means of bringing together the men of Upper and Lower Canada; and with the hope of creating an *esprit de corps*, and of encouraging the military and patriotic spirit in the country.

The scheme was warmly taken up in the Provincial Parliament; and a bill brought in by the Hon. John A. Macdonald, Attorney-General of Upper Canada, to enable the expense to be defrayed out of the Colonial Exchequer, was passed in the course of last session. But, before describing the camp itself, it will be necessary here to give, as briefly as possible, the theory of defence adopted by the colony as the only one possible for her, because a knowledge of this is essential to a correct understanding of the scheme, and of the great importance attached to it by the people of Canada.

It is proposed at once to provide a thoroughly efficient body of officers, to be ready at any moment to take command of the force named "The Service

Militia." The latter have been already balloted for to the number of eighty thousand; but it is not intended in time of peace that the force should be mustered out on more than one day in the year, when but little will probably be done beyond verifying and correcting the roll, except in cases where more might be attempted through the local or personal influence of their officers. These officers were not selected at the time of my visit, but, upon the breaking up of the camp, were to be appointed without delay from among those who had served there.

To carry out this plan, military colleges have been formed at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and London, in connexion with the regiments quartered there. The Colonel is President *ex officio*, and a paid adjutant is appointed to superintend. In these colleges the cadets undergo a severe course of drill and instruction in the duties of privates and officers, for a minimum period of two months. At the end of that time, after passing an examination, they receive \$50, or about 10*l*. with a certificate of their qualification to act as company officers. A second course of instruction, followed by another examination, entitles those who care to face this further test to a certificate which pronounces them to be fit to take command in the field.

The scheme became popular, and within a year nearly fifteen hundred men have entered the colleges, and have obtained certificates; and these are the representatives of barely the half of a number who sought admission, but had to be put off for want of sufficient accommodation. Men of all classes and ranks have sought enrolment, and have served with spirit and perseverance: and the Frenchmen of Lower Canada have not been behind the more energetic dwellers in the West. To the cadets who had passed through the colleges notice was given, last summer, of the intended formation of a camp at La Prairie; and they were invited to join it, with the offer of 75 cents a day, about three shillings (*i. e.* less than the

wages of an Irish labourer), ample rations,¹ and their travelling expenses. To their honour, between eleven and twelve hundred responded to the invitation; and, of the remainder there were but fifty who failed to show good cause for their non-attendance.

The camp was formed on Saturday, the 17th of September, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Wolseley, Quartermaster of the Forces in Canada. From the first the discipline was very strictly maintained, as each cadet on entering voluntarily subjected himself to martial law, and became responsible for any irregularity or breach of duty.

La Prairie lies a few miles above Montreal, on the opposite or right bank of the St. Lawrence. A little steamer bravely stemming the enormous force of the current, as it rushes between the piers of the great tubular bridge, landed us at the village, an unhappy-looking place which has suffered from frequent fires. A walk of a mile across some open country brings the visitor to the camp. The tents at once attracted attention: pitched close to an old square enclosure, with a guard-house on one side, and barrack-room for four hundred men, and a low stone building serving for the staff-quarters. On arriving at the lines we were struck by the smartness of the sentries, and the story of their energy at first in pursuing and stopping every one (and in one case an officer high in command) whom they did not know, was a fruitful source of amusing conversation. The uniform consisted of a loose serge red frock and dark trousers; it was commended as highly serviceable by officers of high standing in our army, and gave the cadets a decidedly military appearance. We heard a dismal account of their first

¹ The following quantities may be compared with the daily issue to the camp at Wimbledon:—

Beef	1 lb.
Bread	1 "
Butter	2 oz.
Coffee	½ "
Tea	½ "
Sugar and rice	2 "
Potatoes	2 lb.

days' experience of camp life. The delivery of the blankets and bedding was only completed at a late hour on the Saturday evening. They were favoured next morning with regular volunteers' weather. Rain and wind came incessantly from the east: no fire could be kept up; and there was a considerable delay in serving out the rations. Very few slept in their tents on Sunday night. There was a general stampede to the village, where all the taverns were put in requisition, and many of the cadets made themselves comfortable till the sound of the *revillé* at four next morning. This was, however, the first and last instance of any such irregularity. The camp was divided as follows:—

Right battalion from Upper Canada	397 men.
Centre battalion, English-speaking men of Central Canada	310 „
Left or French Canadian battalion	420 „
Making the total strength of the brigade 1,127 men.	

Each battalion took its turn of one week out of the three in barracks, but the cadets preferred the life under canvas, although there was but one tent for every ten men. This arrangement did not admit of much luxury, more particularly as the river, a mile distant, gave the only chance of a wash; but the preference was given to tent life because it enabled each ten to mess together, whereas, when in barracks, the same oven and boiler had to supply two companies.

We found all classes and ranks represented in the camp, from the English peerage to the poor French *habitant* of Lower Canada: members of the Provincial Parliament, professors in the colleges, were mixed up with young lawyers and farmers. Many came impelled by a strong sense of duty, as I heard one French M.P.P. say, whose figure plainly showed that campaigning (to him, at any rate) could be no joke: "I am here, because I think it right to set

an example to others." All, without distinction of rank, took their turn as sentries, cooks, &c.; and all seemed thoroughly to enjoy it.

There was at first a little apprehension of jealousies and quarrels arising between the French and English-speaking Canadians, but it has proved to be groundless, and the *entente cordiale* has been well maintained from the first.

Their day was not an idle one: yet six hours' drill, beginning at six in the morning, did not seem to be too much for them, as five minutes did not elapse after the conclusion of the afternoon parade before the stumps were pitched in the Square, and the English were busy at cricket; while the French battalion as they marched off the ground showed their spirits by breaking out into snatches of "Malbrooke" and other songs. Nothing on the whole struck us so much as the hearty zest with which they all threw themselves into the life and their unflagging energy, kept up even when ten days' experience must have worn off all novelty. We went twice to the camp: the second time was on the occasion of a quasi-official visit of the Minister of Militia, several provincial M.P.'s, and some English officers of high rank, when the cadets were drilled for the first time in brigade. Their movements excited the admiration of all present, more particularly from the fact that the company officers only held their places for an hour, all being taken in turn from the ranks to fill the post. The marching past was done in perfect time, 120 paces to the minute, and that without the assistance of a band. It would be invidious to make comparisons between the drill of the different battalions, but for *physique*, the Toronto men decidedly bore away the palm, and we were assured would compare favourably with any battalion in our army.

Their efficiency was put to a further test the week after our visit, when the garrison of Montreal ended a flying march with a few days' under canvas at La Prairie; where they joined in a field day with the volunteers, who we

heard acquitted themselves very creditably on the occasion.

In short, the general opinion in the colony undoubtedly was, that the scheme carried out under the able superintendence of Colonel Macdougall, the Adjutant-General of Militia, has proved a complete success. They hope to repeat it this year on a more extended scale, and possibly in different districts, to accommodate the sixteen hundred additional cadets who, at the present rate, will have passed through the military colleges.

This is a brief account of what we found Canada doing to carry out the scheme she has adopted for her defence. It may not, in the opinion of some, be much, but, such as it is, she is doing it with a will. She only asks that, in estimating her efforts, we should take into account the difficulties under which she labours—her scattered population: her uncleared country: the short summers when every moment is precious: the long winters when drill is impossible. She asks us to remember how small is the amount of her floating capital, and realized industry: that her chief hope for the future is to attract by immigration an increased supply of labour, which heavy taxation or a close conscription would at once drive to more favoured climes.

She has no wish to shirk her own responsibility: she avows it and professes herself ready to act up to it: in the words addressed by Mr. D'Arcy M'Gee, her Minister of Agriculture, to an assembly of delegates from the Lower Provinces at Montreal, "Canada must be defended, and Canada must for that defence pay to the uttermost farthing and the last life."

The political horizon was cloudless in September last, when these words were spoken; nor did there seem sufficient reason seriously to apprehend any complication arising upon the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence. An opportunity, however, is now being given to the people of Canada still further to show

that they are ready to "back their opinions," and to rely in case of danger upon their own resources. The attitude of the colony under the panic of a Fenian invasion is fresh in our recollection. The Order in Council calling out the volunteers had not been issued twenty-four hours, when eight thousand men were reported fit for service. A further call has been made and responded to by men who are cheerfully making the sacrifice demanded of them, now that the expectation of a possible invasion requires the soldier to be day and night under arms.

Meanwhile the rest of the colony is doing its part in providing for the heavy expense of maintaining the force; and the assistance of a gunboat or two for the St. Lawrence is all that they seem to ask from England.

A militia which is mustered out on one day only in each year seems at first sight a sham: but if its officers are ready at a moment's notice, and up to their work, the advent of any danger will soon make it an efficient body.

Their volunteers—a force constituted very similarly to our own, and raised almost entirely in the towns—they hope to increase from fifteen thousand effectives, at which point they stood last year, to twenty-five thousand. The combination of the two services would give a total of about a hundred thousand men furnished by Canada alone. A few moments' reflection will, they say, convince us, that with their present population it would be impossible to do more.

Whether this be so or not, I do not pretend to say, but it is of great importance that the question should be presented to us in both aspects; that we should look at it from a Canadian no less than from an Imperial point of view.

The two countries cannot afford to misunderstand each other, and it is in the hope of throwing some light upon their relative positions, that these lines are penned.

[ROBIN HOOD AND THE POTTER.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

It fell out one day, that as Robin Hood lay
 In a shady retreat on the roadside,
 A potter drew near, with his cart and his ware,
 Whom Robin addressed with a broadside:
 "Now, churl, on my soul, you have paid me no toll,
 Which as lord of this manor I claim,
 So give me your horse, and be glad 'tis no worse,
 And return by the way that you came!"

Said the Potter, "Let go! or soon you shall know
 That I will not be fleeced of a chattel
 For any big words, or for any sharp swords,
 And to prove it prepare for a battle!"
 "Say you so?" Rob replied, "then I'll cudgel your hide!"
 Quoth the Potter, "I wish you may get it,
 But let us fall-to, and then see what you'll do:"
 Said Robin, "You'll sorely regret it!"

Bold strokes gave the Potter, the contest waxed hotter,
 Robin Hood found the hide was a tough one;
 He had wrestled before, with full many a score,
 But never had met such a rough one!
 Blows fell fast and thick, from the Potter's stout stick,
 Till Robin cried, "Hold! you are plucky:
 You have thrashed Robin Hood, which none other could,
 And you are most confoundedly lucky!"

"Now this I will do for a man brave as you:
 With my men for awhile take your dwelling;
 And to make it less strange, our clothes let us change,
 And Robin your wares will be selling!"
 So to Nottingham town the outlaw went down,
 And, by dint of an extra persuasion,
 He sold all the goods, and returned to the woods,
 And the Potter had rich compensation!

Now the moral is this:—'tis a hit or a miss
 With those who are frequently boasting;
 It may last for a time, but no reason or rhyme
 Will protect them some day from a roasting!
 So, archers, beware, when you shoot foul or fair,
 Your arrows are not misdirected,
 Or, as surely as Fate, you will find out, too late,
 A lesson you never expected!

CANT AND COUNTER-CANT

ZADOC, so I am informed by my compendium of useful knowledge, was the founder of the Sadducees. The sect, I learn from the same authority, finally died out in the eighth century. Not holding myself to be an authority on ecclesiastical history, I am willing to accept both these statements as Gospel truth, but I must protest that the true Sadducean sect claims a far higher antiquity than the era of the disciple of Antigonus Socho, and possesses a vitality not bounded by any known limits of time. There were Sadducees in the days before the Deluge, who refused to believe then that everything was not on the whole for the best in the best possible of worlds; there have been adherents of the same creed ever since; and, as far as I can tell, there will be believers in the Sadducean faith till the end of the world. No doubt, the numbers and influence of this society have fluctuated greatly from time to time. At different epochs of the world's history, the Sadducean belief has suffered obloquy if not persecution; and its adherents have been compelled to affect a fictitious enthusiasm in order to place themselves in outward conformity with the spirit of the age. But for all that a faithful few have ever cherished within their heart of hearts the true Sadducean doctrine, trusting confidently that the day would come, as the world turned round, when that doctrine could be again avowed openly and fearlessly. And it has always been found that Sadducism has flourished most, has been most warmly espoused, most openly professed, in those periods and countries, where an old order of things is about to give place to a new, where systems — political, social, religious, or otherwise—which mankind have hitherto deemed perfect, are beginning to satisfy no longer the wants to which they owed their existence. Now it is not my purpose to declaim against the disciples of Zadoc. From my earliest

days I have had a certain secret sympathy with this much maligned body. I cannot conceive the mental conditions under which I could ever have been a Pharisee; and a man must possess far deeper confidence in his own mental earnestness than I profess to hold, to feel very positive that, if he himself had lived in the land of Judah at the time when John the Baptist went forth into the wilderness, he would not have been one of those who remained sceptic and doubting to the end. Take it altogether, there must have been many phases of human existence far less tolerable than that of the Sadducee at the time when Pontius Pilate and Herod ruled in the Holy Land. The government of the Roman prefects was probably not a bad one for anybody whose patriotism was not of an ardent and fanatical description; property was safe; and high culture could be pursued without inconvenience; and speculative thought was very free; and life was easy and comfortable enough to those who had wherewithal to satisfy moderate desires. Scepticism as to the future adds somewhat to the enjoyment of the present; and a gentle cynicism is not incompatible with a keen zest for elegant luxury and refined enjoyment. Moreover the old Mosaic creed, as it existed in the later non-militant period of its supremacy, could not have been an unsatisfactory one for men content to acquiesce in it without troubling themselves unnecessarily about its abstract theory of life. There was little in it that an educated Sadducee would find repugnant to his intellect, much to captivate the imaginative faculties, no great effort required to conform to its outward practice. Even Christianity itself, as a curious manifestation of human nature, must have afforded an interesting subject of contemplation for the well-regulated Sadducean mind. And so I can fancy, that the fellow disciples of Caiaphas and Ananias lived a

not unpleasant life, in the days of Calvary and the Garden of Gethsemane. It was not their mission to reform the world; they took things as they found them, and found that everything was not so bad after all; they were not addicted to gross excesses, they were perfectly contented with such moderate enjoyments as could be obtained without any strong exercise of energy or passion; they let the age wag as it liked; took part with no especial faction; discoursed philosophically concerning the respective merits of rival creeds and parties; passed by, like the Levite, on the other side when they saw that anybody or anything was in distress, but yet were not sorry to see that the Samaritan volunteered to help the sufferer out of his trouble; and, in fact, conducted themselves like well-bred and amiable Sadducees of all time and all countries.

The name of Sadducee has died out except as a term of pulpit reproach; and the rules of the order have been so relaxed, that no formal initiation is now required into its ranks; but for all that the confraternity was nevermore flourishing than at the present day. Ever since 1848, it has prospered greatly in England. Its muster roll comprises names eminent in every branch of science or letters or society; it has its avowed organs in the press—its weekly and daily journals; its professed teachers and recognised apostles. I for one am not going to complain of the inevitable. In days like ours, it is very difficult for any thinking man to avoid falling into Stephen Blackpool's view concerning the way in which the world is organized, and believing, with the broken-down weaver of "Hard Times," that "it's all a muddle." And from this belief or disbelief to the conclusion that it is not worth while to trouble ourselves much about disentangling a hopelessly tangled skein, the transition is painfully easy. I suppose myself, that as in the order of the universe drones must be created for some beneficial purpose, so Sadducees supply some unforeseen necessity of nature. If I had to plead in their behalf, I could

make out a good case enough for them. If we do little good, I should urge, we do very little harm; we cultivate the minor virtues, we promote refinement, and deery vulgarity as the most capital of sins; we check undue enthusiasm; and, in short, perform a part like the chorus of an ancient Greek play, never interfering in the action of the great world drama, but always on the whole applauding gently what is right and regretting decorously what is wrong, *after* right or wrong have become accomplished facts.

I am ready to urge also that we Sadducees really do some positive good in the world. We throw cold water on exuberant ardour; we keep enthusiasm within due bounds; we delay all great reforms, all heroic crusades, till such time as they have proved their vitality by surviving the killing ordeal of cool criticism. But our misfortune is that we, as a body, never know the exact limits of our power; we grow intoxicated with success; by deserting our proper functions we rouse that popular fanaticism, that passion of enthusiasm which is always for the time fatal to our comfort, if not to our existence. Speaking always as a Sadducean advocate, I doubt whether in the whole course of our corporate life we have ever, in Yankee phrase, had a much better time of it than in these last few years in England. We are increasing daily in social influence, in numbers, and in general repute. The great tenet of our faith, that the world is not so much out of joint after all, and that at any rate we were not born to set it right, is becoming more and more generally acknowledged as the true Evangel. Why then I ask, in the name of common sense, must we be false to our principles, and indulge in an active propaganda? If there are people in the world unwise enough not to join the goodly company of Sadducees, but to engage instead in the idle struggle against sin and poverty and misery, why should we interfere with their hobbies? The world surely is wide enough for us all; for those who labour and those who look on. On the contrary, if we knew our own

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creed thoroughly, we ought to derive a placid and philosophical enjoyment from watching others engaged in a Sisyphean labour—rolling up a stone which, as surely as it has reached the summit, will as surely roll down again. Why, this very morning on which I write, in this town of London, I witnessed a spectacle, the manner of observing and commenting on which appears to me to mark the difference between the true and the spurious Sadducee. I was going, as my wont is, to the Gallic Club, and was going there, after my wont also, in the most luxurious of manners. Looking idly for a conveyance, I observed that every cab in turn was hailed by a respectably dressed elderly woman running distractedly from side to side of the street. My first impression was, as it always is with my brethren, when we see anybody taking any unnecessary trouble about anything, that the woman was a lunatic. It cannot be a pleasant thing for a short-sighted lady with spectacles to be perpetually dodging between the wheels of cabs, to be sworn at by drivers, who stop, thinking that she is a fare, and find their mistake; to be bespattered with mud; to be jeered at by a row of cabmen as she passes in turn from vehicle to vehicle along the stand; to be followed by a band of street urchins, and to incur a constant risk of being run over by every cab which refuses to stop at her beck; and to do all this, as she does, simply for the sake of shoving a tract on the observance of the Sabbath into the hands of every cabby she happens to see. Having watched her till the novelty of spectacle was gone, I availed myself of the lady's assistance to stop a cab without any trouble on my part, and, as I rode along, finding my Sadducee Review less cynical, and therefore less attractive, than usual, speculated serenely on this quaint manifestation of the eccentricities of poor human nature. But the thought of censuring the conduct of this female Peter the Hermit of a crusade for the conversion of cabmen never entered my head. Yet I know perfectly well that many unworthy members of the

Sadducee persuasion would forthwith have made this poor lady the subject for a declamation against Cant. They would have calculated the cost, labour, and exertion of producing the tracts she distributed, and then would have compared it with the problematic benefit derived from the possibility that one cabman in a hundred would ever look at the tract, and that, out of those who read it, one in a thousand would ever remember one word of what he read. They would point out to the misguided missionary how much better she could be employed cooking her husband's dinner, or mending her children's stockings, than gadding about the streets after cabmen; they would hint that she was probably influenced by the silliest vanity, if not by worse motives; would express a shrewd surmise that she ill-treated her servants and neglected her children; and would conclude by a solemn denunciation of the profanity of vulgarizing sacred things.

Now against the system of warfare against Cant, of which the above may be taken as a fair example, I feel bound to raise my protest in behalf of the Sadducean order. If once we leave our high vantage-ground of impartiality and descend into the arena of discussion, we place ourselves in a false position. After all, we cannot expect the mass of mankind to belong to our fraternity. Unlike Freemasonry, our craft is virtually confined to one section of the community. The true Sadducee must be a man of culture and leisure and refinement: a man not engaged in a hard struggle for the necessities of existence, but able always to enjoy its luxuries in moderation. Nor would it be desirable, even if it were possible, that the number of Zadoc's disciples should be more than a small minority of the whole community. With all our respect for drones, we ought still to recognise the fact, that it is well for everybody, even for ourselves, that for one drone there should be a hundred of working bees. This consideration ought to convince us of the impolicy of our present crusade against Cant. We are and must be

ex necessitate rei surrounded by a public whose views of life, modes of thought, and rules of conduct are different from, nay antagonistic to, our own. Our first duty, therefore, should be not to challenge unnecessary comparison between ourselves and active workers; and yet, in open defiance of all prudence, we keep perpetually calling on the world to see that we are not as other men are, not even as philanthropists and humanitarians.

Now before we join in this cry, we ought to consider carefully how far our self-glorification is likely to commend itself to the uninitiate. Of course it is very easy for us to be funny and humorous about Mrs. Jellaby and Borio-boolaagha; and moreover we have one unflinching argument with which we attack philanthropists. In obedience to the prejudices of mankind, we are bound to admit that love of your fellow-men, and a desire to do good to others, are estimable qualities in themselves. It is true that a powerful though erratic advocate of our creed has ventured to pour abuse on all philanthropy whatever; but the experiment has not proved successful. So we do wisely to content ourselves with lauding philanthropy in the abstract and reviling it in the concrete. Whenever we see anybody engaged in a work designed to raise the moral or religious or social position of any portion of the human race, we can always point out how much better his time and trouble and money might be employed in some other work of benevolence; we can always show to our own satisfaction, if not to that of the public, that in his exaggerated zeal for the object of his sympathies, he is neglecting duties far nearer and more important. Only the other week we had a brilliant field-day about the Jamaica business. We exhausted all our vocabulary of abuse against the philanthropists who were foolish enough to wish to do good to Quashee. With an air of lofty superiority, we told the negro-philists that they had better look to the London Arabs, to the labouring poor of Dorsetshire, before they troubled them-

selves about a lot of black rascals, with whom they had no concern or connexion. We ridiculed the notion that any good had ever come of treating negroes with justice and kindness; we gloried in the assertion that the men who went out to labour in foreign lands for the absurd idea of saving black souls were in reality the chief instigators of blood thirsty massacres; we held up Exeter Hall to derision; and repeated once more our standard of faith, that anybody who tries to do good to his neighbours is always a fool, often a knave, and generally both together.

No doubt the opportunity was a tempting one. Negrophilism has always been the special object of our antipathy. For many years our brethren across the Atlantic sneered down every effort to improve the condition of the negro, and branded with ridicule and contempt any one wicked enough to protest in behalf of justice to an oppressed race. But they carried their crusade too far, until at last the reaction caused by their intemperance of language stirred up that abolition war, which, amongst other effects, has dealt the severest blow to Sadducism it has received since the days of the great French Revolution. So there is a grave peril that we in England may go too far also. However clever we are, we cannot permanently deceive the world as to facts; and when people begin to use their common sense, they cannot help seeing that our charges against the saints and philanthropists are inconsistent with each other, and palpably unteachable. As a matter of fact, the charitable world is not divided into two sections; one which gives wisely, and another which gives unwisely. Any person connected with the trade of philanthropy will tell you that the people who give to one charity give, as a rule, to many. If you want a school built, or a hospital supported, or a church raised, or want relieved at home, who is it that you apply to first? If you know your business, you read through the list of subscribers to the objects of which our organs make so

much merriment—the societies for converting cannibals, or sending Bibles to the North Pole, or chalking texts upon walls; and you find that these donors—whom we are always accusing of never thinking about their next-door neighbours in their zeal for their pet hobbies—are the first to help you, not only with their subscriptions, but with their labour. The habit of giving, like other bad habits, grows by practice. If a man once becomes addicted to intoxication, you find that he never confines himself to one stimulant, but becomes constantly more and more catholic in his tastes. So it is with philanthropy. If you once take to trying to do good to others, the very effort renders you more and more unable to resist any appeal to your philanthropic appetites. That this should be so, appears melancholy to the Sadducean mind, and serves as a warning to the true disciple against any, the slightest, dereliction from the rule of not troubling yourself about anything; but still, that it is so, is a fact which there is no use in disputing.

Hence we tread at once on dangerous ground when we endeavour to decry philanthropists on the ground of their neglecting their home duties for matters with which they have no direct concern. Moreover, we lay ourselves open to a very awkward retort. As long as we content ourselves with doing nothing we are safe; but the moment we begin to criticise others for doing what they do unwisely, we suggest a question very inconvenient to answer. Supposing anybody were to say, "Gentlemen of the Sadducean persuasion, when you have done criticising others, will you kindly tell us what you have ever done, what you propose doing, yourselves?" I am afraid we should find the query awkward to answer. After all, between ourselves, have we, the revilers of reformers, the critics of philanthropists, the enemies of zealots, ever done anything worth mentioning? From the days of the foundation of Christianity, is it not a fact, that every great reform and improvement and amelioration in the condition of the civilized world has been set

on foot in the first instance by men guilty of the folly of caring more for others than they did for themselves? It is true that, after the heat of the struggle was over, we have generally contrived to step in at the eleventh hour, and, shrewder than the men in the parable, take not only our portion, but the whole of the wages for the day's labour. In so doing, we have done wisely; but we should be wise also to enjoy our reward in silence, without boasting of our services.

Thus, as a matter of fact, we denounciators of Cant occupy an untenable position when we try to distinguish between wise and unwise philanthropists. The reputed author of *Junius* once advised a young politician never to praise anybody except in *odium tertii*; and so, when we praise the sage and discreet benefactor of his species, our object is to pour scorn by comparison on the vast majority of the philanthropic world. But our endeavour is not successful. After all, the men whom we condemn have been engaged in every great work of social, political, or moral reform, which the world has known. If life is on the whole happier amongst us than it used to be, if there is less misery, less want, less ignorance, and less brutality amongst us than there was in the days of our fathers, all this is due in no small measure to the Clarksons, the Howards, the Frys, the Wilberforces, the Buxtons, the Gurneys, the Shaftesburys, and all the long list of Exeter Hall worthies, whom in their own day—that is, in the day when their work had to be accomplished—our fraternity held up to ridicule as fanatics or hypocrites.

Against this muster-roll of names which the world—whose decrees, as prudent Sadducees, we reverence—has now agreed to honour, this list of great achievements which mankind has declared worthy of praise, what in the name of common sense have we got to show? Not only have we never done anything to make mankind better, or wiser, or happier, but we do not even dream of doing it in future. You

have only to read through our papers to see that we are perfectly well contented to leave things as they are. We don't believe in a good time coming; and on the whole we incline to the belief that if it did come it would be rather a nuisance than otherwise. We have no wish for reform or change of any kind. That there always will be poverty, that people are never likely to grow much better, that the bulk of mankind will always remain ignorant and incapable of self-government, that things will continue to go on much as they are, and that there is no good in trying to alter them, are the cheering and consoling tenets on which our writers expatiate with such extreme self-complacency. Now such a profession of faith, however gratifying to ourselves, can never be satisfactory to the non-Sadducean world. Taking into account our tastes, and predilections, and views of life, no conceivable condition of human existence could well be much better for us than the one we now enjoy. But the vast majority of mankind, who have not equal reason to be satisfied with things as they are, will certainly not appreciate the merits of our teaching.

Moreover, this whole outcry against Cant seems to me entirely antagonistic to the true spirit of our order. It is our mission to be Iconoclasts, not to be founders of new faiths. And, superstition for superstition, I am not sure I do not prefer Cant to Counter-cant. There is something so ineffably silly about all our fashionable outcry against humanitarianism and philanthropy. Practical experience of the world has shown us, as it has shown any one who has sense enough to use his powers of observation, that actual hypocrisy is one of the rarest of vices. Nobody, at any rate, is a hypocrite without strong personal motives; and no man, who is not a fool, can suggest any motive which induces the philanthropists we deride to play the part of Tartuffe. It is not a pleasant thing to go amongst the poor and wretched. To labour amongst savages;

to try and set wrong right; to protest against abuses; to perform any one of the hundred duties undertaken by men addicted to philanthropy is not an agreeable occupation. To walk by on the other side is always infinitely more agreeable than to help a man who has fallen amongst thieves, at the risk of being attacked by robbers, with the certainty of having to stain your hands with blood, and with the possibility of having the object of your charity thrown upon your care afterwards. It is, I repeat, more agreeable, and therefore we of the Sadducean creed, consistently with our principles, invariably adopt the part of the Levite, not of the Samaritan. But to say that the Samaritan simply performed his action in the vain hope of exciting our admiration, or because his mind was so constituted that the duty of tending a sick man was actually a pleasure to him, or because, more likely still, he hoped to get paid for the job, is downright folly. *Sua cuique voluptas*, as one of our great poets wrote; and if other men find a pleasure we do not in doing their duty to their neighbour, why should we grudge them the enjoyment?

This word of caution is surely needed at the present day. Let us, my brethren, be satisfied with looking on from afar: if others like to labour in the heat of the day, why should we jeer at their struggles? Either it will avail them nothing, or it will lead to their ultimate reward. In the first place, what is the good of railing? in the second, will it not be better for us to feel that if we left the good work undone ourselves, we yet did not attempt to discourage the accomplishment of the work? There is something of both Democritus and Heraclitus about the true Sadducee. We never quite know whether to laugh at all the world, ourselves included, or to weep over both. It is our misfortune, perhaps, if we cannot be foremost in the battle of life; it is our fault, if we laugh at those who fight, while we sit idle in the marketplace.

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